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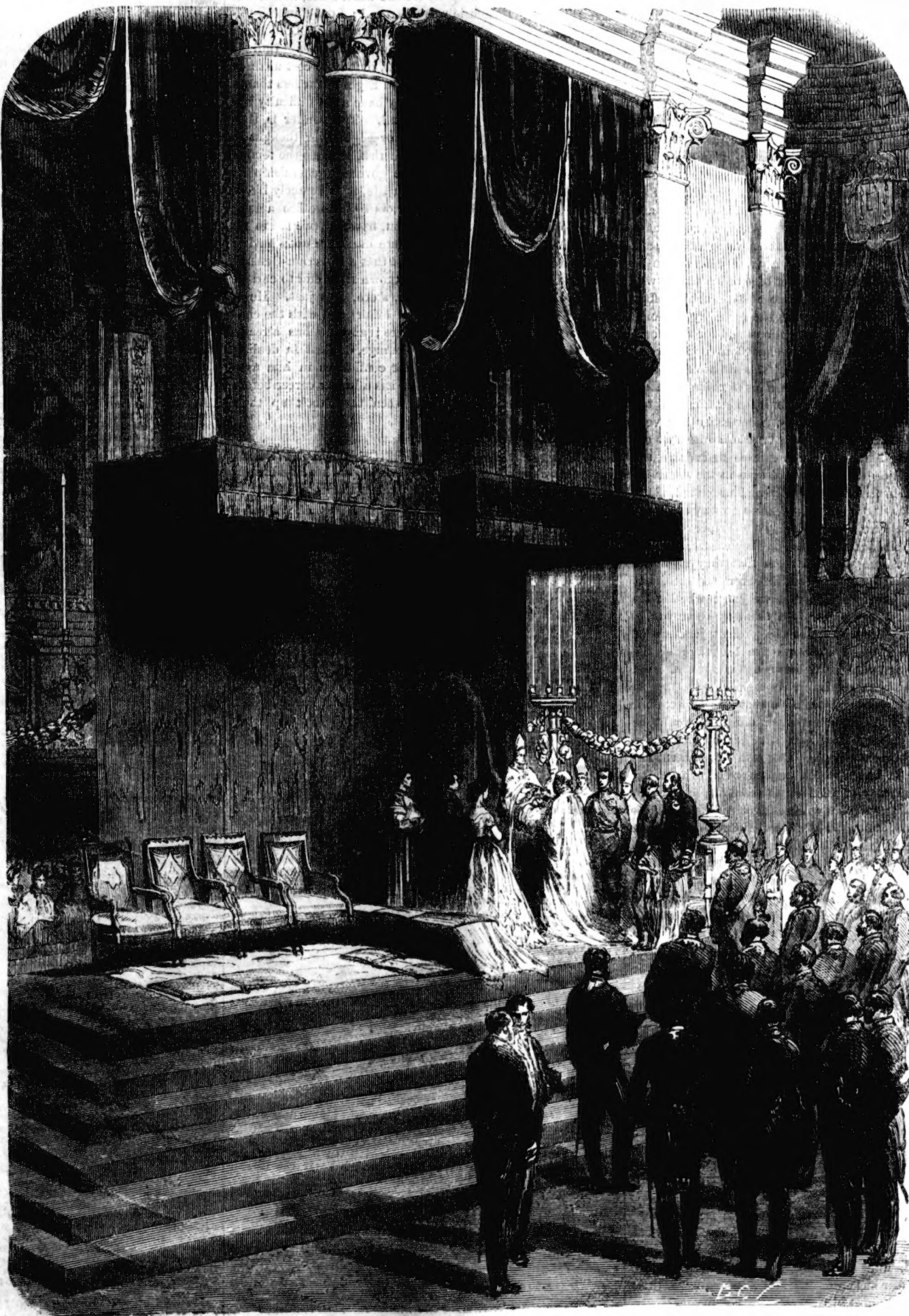
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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

If Earl Russell would only learn to write a despatch in reason and moderation! His speeches are statesman-like enough; but as soon as he takes pen his better genius deserts him and another genius comes in to prompt as much mischief as will not appear too glaringly. True, this misfortune is pretty well known now, abroad as well as at home; allowance is generally made for it, and it is only on important occasions that the Earl's weakness is likely to bring his country into difficulties. There can be no doubt that on such occasions he ought to be restrained altogether, and his task given over to some other member of the Cabinet who knows how to discuss the affairs of Europe unlike a positive, angry, querulous old lady; or the sub-editor of some respectable London journal might be asked to set down the meaning of the Cabinet in a few direct, dignified words. Unluckily, however, this is a measure of safety which cannot be taken. Deprive Earl Russell of the pleasure of penning despatches, and the world has nothing to offer him. Place, power, existence itself, would be a mockery for him; and, besides, were his colleagues to submit to him the propriety, the necessity almost, of abandoning an employment which is certainly a part of his office and the most patent sign of his power, Lord Russell might reasonably complain of want of confidence, and, on that ground alone, retire. Now, we do not wish that at present. As long



BAPTISM OF THE INFANT PRINCE OF PORTUGAL IN THE CHURCH OF ST. DOMINGO, LISBON.

as Lord Palmerston himself remains in office, Lord Russell's retirement would probably be unfortunate. We do justice to the noble Earl, acknowledging, what all the world knows, that he is a man of more sagacity and experience than can be spared from the counsels of the nation. At the same time, we do think it deplorable that he will not abandon the fatal habit of writing his own despatches.

The Earl's last opportunity was one of the greatest that has ever fallen to him. For many days the Government had been debating their answer to Napoleon's proposition for a congress, knowing full well that their answer must be a momentous one. It was what had been universally expected in England, but, at the same time, it was one which was certain to be execrated in France—a refusal. However phrased, the negative could be nothing but bitterness for France, while, as for the Emperor of France, it has this more serious consequence—serious in its probable effect on the peace of Europe—that it mortifies him; that it casts him down at once from the place he had aspired to and laboured for, inch by inch, as the arbiter of Europe; and it is very doubtful whether he can afford to take the rebuff—whether he dare to do so. This it was that gave such importance to the Emperor's proposition from the beginning. To accept it would have been to have accepted quarrels, wars, spoliation: to refuse it was to thwart a Prince who seemed to have determined already not to be thwarted, and

whose very existence depends upon his never failing. In such circumstances it was obviously of some importance that, if "no" was to be the answer of England, that answer should be made with as little offence to the opinions of France and the *amour propre* of the Emperor, as possible. But as soon as Lord Russell began to pen the reply, it was equally certain that the answer would have no such virtues. Nor has it. Even in the preliminary despatch, in which the noble Earl asked for some details as to the Emperor's proposition, there is all the pertness and pedantry which make his Lordship's style so offensive. He knows, we all know, what the Emperor and France think of the Treaty of Vienna; and so Lord Russell chooses language the most positive, and therefore the most offensive, in which to set forth in this preliminary note that "it is the conviction of her Majesty's Government that the main provisions of the Treaty of 1815 are in full force; that the greater number of those provisions have not been in any way disturbed; and that on those foundations rests the balance of power in Europe." If there was any reason in the world for such a declaration as this at all, we fail to discover it. It is only another of those strokes of the pen with which the noble Earl contrives to irritate and provoke our allies, with no better return than the gratification of his Lordship's own dogmatism. That it *did* irritate the French Emperor is clear enough from M. Drouyn de Lhuys's reply; and this is precisely the way in which "bad understandings" come about.

But in the despatch in which the refusal of England to join the congress is conveyed, such blunders as these are numerous; or, rather, it is one great blunder. It must be quite understood, however, that we have not a word to say against the *sense* of the despatch; that is sound, and the nation will cheerfully abide by it; but the sense is the sense of the whole Cabinet; the language is peculiarly Earl Russell's, and we know how much depends on tone and manner when "No" has to be said. This answer might have been dignified, reticent, courteous. It is nothing of the sort. It disposes of the Emperor Napoleon as he deserves to be disposed of, no doubt; but we are not of opinion that it will do to answer him in the face of Europe, and on such an affair as this of the congress, as if he were the secretary of some debating society. It may be lucky for us and for the world that we have courage and confidence enough to oppose even that mighty Monarch at need; but of this we are sure, that it is as much for our own interests as for his comfort and security that we do not make his mortification too obvious. To our mind, it is totally unnecessary and very dangerous (considering the Emperor's relations with France) for England, or her Ministers, or her press to indulge the sort of language which crackles and laughs in the *Saturday Review*, which boasts that "we have shown Europe that there is a Power still left which considers itself in no way second to France. If the Emperor can call Kings and Princes together that he may cajole and frighten them at his pleasure, England may step to the rescue and tell them that they need not trouble themselves to come. The Emperor proposes, but England disposes. He suggests, and we judge whether his suggestions are worth anything." All this may be very true, but it is brag—dangerous brag at the present juncture of affairs; and it is precisely because the language of the *Saturday Review* is to be read between the lines of Earl Russell's despatches that we disapprove them.

A few days ago it appeared probable that our expectation of a peaceable solution of the Danish difficulty would be realised; but disturbing telegrams have since renewed the worst misgivings of quiet people. Our own Government has spoken, it seems, in terms which declare with threatening clearness that the Treaty of 1852 ought to be respected; and so say Prussia and Austria, but with reservations which almost amount to a declaration of war, if they are correctly reported. Herr von Bismarck, the Prussian Minister, has announced to the Chamber of Deputies that, however much the signature of the London Treaty may be regretted, "prudence and the dictates of honour" require that its stipulations should not be avoided. But, under that same treaty, Denmark contracted obligations which she has not fulfilled; and therefore Prussia reserves to herself the right to determine whether she shall not free herself from the treaty also. But "as long as the Treaty of London remains in force the reason for carrying it into operation—the federal execution, determined by the resolutions of the 1st of October—continue to exist. Austria and Prussia have proposed to the Diet that this measure should forthwith be carried out, and will make the necessary military arrangements for the purpose." This looks as if we are to see the beginning of the end, not in peace, but in strife, after all; especially as the whole German people appears to be tolerant of nothing short of the "federal execution" so long threatened, and now fairly set afoot. According to a Viennese paper, an Austrian officer is already employed at Frankfort in preparation for hostile intervention. So much the worse.

These great European troubles, Holstein and the congress, have pushed American affairs from their pre-eminence as matters of public interest. But the war goes on vigorously, portentously; and, unless all the signs of the times are wrong, a crisis is near at hand. This time we know so little of the comparative chances of the combatants that an opinion is impossible; all that is certain is, that the leaders of the Confederacy have determined to play a great stake against the Federal armies under Grant and Burnside. Grant has been heavily reinforced, his position at Chattanooga is strong, and, only that General Bragg appears to have been greatly reinforced too, the Federals here would seem to have a good

chance of holding their position for the winter. Burnside is in different case. He has been driven into Knoxville pell-mell by Longstreet, who invests the town so closely that fortifications not more than half a mile from its boundaries are in his hands. Of the strength of Longstreet's army we know nothing for certain. That it is at least equal in point of numbers to that of Burnside, however, is pretty clear; and, with a commander so much Burnside's superior as Longstreet is, we cannot doubt that the Federals here are paralysed. Lee's movements are still unknown; and, though we heard lately that Meade was about to advance and crush his weakened forces, we now learn that that General has abandoned a task which he knows not where to begin, and which is more than he hopes to perform. Upon the whole, it appears that the Confederates have the better chance in the great game which opens once more; it is certain that they have most of the determination.

India is so distant that scarcely anything less than a mutiny there suffices to engage attention in England; but the news that Lord Elgin has probably already succumbed to the fatal climate which in our time permits no Governor-General to live more than a few years, has caused much pain, and something like consternation even. Only a little while since, and it was seen that Lord Dalhousie was destroyed; Lord Canning followed, too soon for his country's good; and now Lord Elgin falls, almost before he had got fairly into harness. India is a valuable possession, no doubt; but, if it is to cost us three such men as Dalhousie, Canning, and Elgin in far less than a single generation, we shall obviously have some difficulty by-and-by in getting it governed at all. The wonder is, that men of such standing as Canning or Elgin ever thought it worth while to run such a terrible risk, great as the temptation may be; and now, when the governor-generalship of India seems only to be bought with life, it is scarcely likely that we shall have many competitors for the office among men who are fit for it. At present, however, we are in no such difficulty. We may congratulate ourselves upon having a successor for Lord Elgin who is all that a Governor-General should be. Sir John Lawrence is known from end to end of India as a Governor at once wise, stern, and just. He is thoroughly acquainted with Indian affairs and with the character of Princes and peoples there; and he has already shown a degree of foresight, of courage, of skill in dealing with them which gives us the fullest confidence in him as a Governor. We only hope that he has a longer career before him than his predecessors had when they took up their magnificent but perilous charge.

BAPTISM OF THE INFANT PRINCE OF PORTUGAL.

THE dark cloud which has so long lowered over the Royal family of Portugal will, it is hoped, be dispelled now that there is a new heir to the throne. The birth of a Prince in September last was hailed by the people as an event which called for public rejoicing, and the baptism of their future Sovereign has just given occasion for a fête to the people of Lisbon.

The godfather of the infant was Dom Fernando, father of the present King, and Princess Marie Clotilde, the sister of the Queen, officiated as godmother. Princes Humbert and Amédée arrived from Turin in a vessel of the Italian squadron, in order to assist at the ceremony.

The infant was carried with great pomp to the cathedral of St. Domingo, where the ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Lisbon. The clergy of the capital, the officers of State, the foreign embassies, and numerous deputations of the civil and military authorities, were present on the occasion. The King and Queen have now departed on a short tour to the southern portion of the country, accompanied by a numerous suite.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Although it is still asserted in some of the Paris papers that the projected congress will be held, it is, on the other hand, reported that at a recent State Council in Paris it was determined to abandon the idea of bringing together the representatives of the Powers which had accepted the invitation. A manifesto, it is said, will be issued by the French Government, describing the manner in which the proposal was received by Europe and explaining the reasons for its abandonment. The Paris papers severely criticise the tone and policy of Earl Russell's despatch declining to participate in the congress, and declare that the generous desires of the Emperor have been defeated by the selfishness of "perfidious Albion."

The *Pays* asserts that Prussia will propose a conference for the settlement of the Dano-Germanic question, and believes England not to be averse to the proposition.

M. Fould's financial statement has been published. It states that the total amount of the deficits is 972,000,000. It is necessary to consolidate part of the floating debt. The produce of a loan will be employed to redeem the Treasury Bonds, and will put in circulation an amount corresponding to that which it will demand.

ITALY.

The Turin journals state that the Austrian soldiers are being recalled from their furloughs, and the garrisons increased in the Venetian provinces. The works on the fortifications are also being accelerated.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

Prince Frederick of Augustenburg has issued a formal summons to the Danish Minister for Foreign Affairs demanding that the Danish troops should instantly evacuate the territory of Schleswig and Holstein, and that the Schleswig-Holstein troops in the kingdom should be sent back to the duchies. If the Danish Government do not express a readiness to comply with these demands within fourteen days, then the Prince announces that he will take the necessary steps to uphold the rights of Legitimate Government. This announcement, however—somewhat pretentiously absurd in itself—has its importance much reduced by the fact that Austria and Prussia show so little inclination to back up the Legitimacy claims. These two Powers are anxious to make the Constitutional question, and nothing else, the basis of action in the duchies. The note of Prince Frederick was forwarded by the Baden Envoy at the Federal Diet (acting on behalf of the Prince) to the Danish Envoy, but was returned unopened. Meanwhile, the Danish Constitution adopted just before the death of the late King has been officially proclaimed in Schleswig in the name of Christian IX.; and Copenhagen telegrams assert that the majority of the municipal councils of Schleswig have sent deputations to congratulate King Christian upon his accession to the throne, and that most of the Schleswig officials have taken the oath of allegiance.

The German Federal Diet have taken the very strong step, in opposition to the rights of the King of Denmark to the Duchy of

Holstein, of excluding his Majesty's representative from taking his place in the Assembly.

The Schleswig-Holstein question was on for debate on Tuesday in the Prussian Lower Chamber. Herr von Bismarck read a declaration on the part of the Government announcing that, however the signature of the London treaty might be regretted by Prussia, its stipulations ought to be faithfully adhered to; but Prussia would require their equal observance by Denmark—all must stand or fall together. The Prussian Government reserves to itself the right to say whether, and at what period, it may consider itself released from the treaty by the non-fulfilment of Denmark's obligations. For the present, Prussia and Austria go hand in hand. King Christian is entitled to succeed in Lauenburg, independently of the treaty; but his succession in Holstein depends on the treaty and its fulfilment. Meantime the reasons for federal execution in Holstein remain in force; and Prussia has, in concert with Austria, proposed to the Diet that this measure should be forthwith carried out.

The agitation in Germany still continues; public meetings are held and inflammatory harangues delivered all over the country. In this movement the students of several universities are taking a prominent part. The Duke of Brunswick has acknowledged Prince Frederick of Augustenburg as Duke of Holstein. The Municipal Council of Vienna has voted an address to the Emperor in favour of the Schleswig-Holstein movement. A request, however, addressed to the police authorities for permission to hold a public meeting on the subject, has been refused.

Earl Russell has addressed a despatch to the representative of England at Frankfort, in which he states that her Majesty's Government will adhere to the provisions of the Treaty of 1852, and that his Lordship and his colleagues expect that all the Powers who signed the said treaty, or afterwards adhered to it, will follow a similar course.

ENGLAND AND THE CONGRESS.

THE official correspondence between the British and French Governments on the subject of the proposed congress has been published. The series of documents commences with the letter of the Emperor Napoleon to her Majesty; then comes the Queen's personal reply, which is followed by a despatch from Earl Russell asking for information on the subjects proposed to be discussed at the congress. The following are M. Drouyn de Lhuys's reply to these inquiries and Earl Russell's rejoinder declining to take part in the deliberations:—

FROM M. DROUYN DE LHUYS TO THE MARQUIS DE CADORE, FRENCH CHARGE D'AFFAIRES IN LONDON.

Palace of Compiègne, Nov. 23.
Sir,—Lord Cowley communicated to me some days ago a despatch from his Excellency Earl Russell, dated the 12th of this month, and which expresses the opinion of the British Government relative to the proposal to call at Paris a congress to deliberate on the affairs of Europe. You will find annexed a copy of it. My previous correspondence has answered beforehand some of the considerations developed in this document. It is my duty, nevertheless, to sum up in this despatch, of which you will send a copy to his Excellency the Principal Secretary of State, the motives which have determined the resolution of his Majesty.

The Imperial Government have no intention either to apologise for or to criticise the Treaties of Vienna. The Emperor declared, on mounting the throne, that he should consider himself bound by the engagements subscribed to by his predecessors. Later again, in his letter to the Sovereigns, his Majesty showed that the diplomatic acts of 1815 were the foundation on which rests to-day the political edifice of Europe; but this is, he considers, an additional reason for examining whether this foundation is not itself shaken to its base.

Now, the Cabinet of London recognises, with us, that several of these stipulations have been seriously infringed. Among the modifications which have taken place some have been consecrated by the sanction of all the great Powers, and at present constitute a part of international law; others, on the contrary, carried into execution, have not been recognised as law by all the Cabinets. As regards the first, we cannot help calling attention to the irresistible power with which they have forced themselves on the acceptance of the Governments. The eagerness of England herself to give to them her adhesion proves how little the former combinations answered, according to the expression of Lord Russell, the requirements of the lapse of time, the progress of opinion, the shifting policy of Governments, and the varying exigencies of nations; on the other hand, are not we authorised in believing that changes so important have diminished to some extent the harmony and equilibrium of the whole? We admit, with Lord Russell, that it is not absolutely necessary to give to these changes a more general and more solemn sanction; but we consider it would be an advantage to clear away the ruins and reunite in a single body all the living members.

As regards the modifications to which the Powers have not given a unanimous assent, they constitute so many causes of dispute which, at any moment, may divide Europe into two camps. Instead of leaving the decision of these to violence and chance, would it not be better to pursue their equitable solution to a common agreement, and sanction these changes by revising them?

The third category comprises those parts of the Treaty of Vienna which are menaced. "Upon those portions," says his Excellency the Principal Secretary of State, "the most important questions of all arise. What is the nature of the proposals to be made on this subject by the Emperor Napoleon? In what direction would they tend? And, above all, are they, if agreed to by a majority of the Powers, to be enforced by arms?"

The Emperor, while he pointed out to Europe the dangers of a situation in deep commotion, indicated the method of averting the dire calamities which he foresees, and at which he, less than others perhaps, would have reason to take alarm; for the questions out of which at the present time war may arise interest France but indirectly, and it would depend on herself alone whether she would take part in the struggle or stand aloof from it. This he did by addressing all the Sovereigns in full confidence and simultaneously, without previous understanding with any of them, in order the better to testify his sincere impartiality, and to enter upon, free of every engagement, the important deliberations to which he invites them. Himself the youngest of Sovereigns, he considers he has no right to assume the part of an arbiter and fix beforehand for the other Courts the programme of the congress which he proposes. This is the motive of the reserve which he has imposed upon himself. It is, moreover, so difficult to enumerate the questions, not yet solved, which may disturb Europe.

A deplorable struggle is bathing Poland in blood, is agitating the neighbouring States, and threatening the world with the most serious disturbances. Three Powers, with a view of putting a stop to it, invoke in vain the Treaties of Vienna, which supply the two sides with contradictory arguments. Is this struggle to last for ever?

Pretensions opposed to one another are exciting a quarrel between Denmark and Germany. The preservation of peace in the North is at the mercy of an accident. The Cabinets have already by their negotiations become parties to the dispute. Are they now become indifferent to it? Shall anarchy continue to prevail on the Lower Danube, and shall it be able at any moment to open anew a bloody arena for the dispute of the Eastern question? Shall Austria and Italy remain in presence of each other in a hostile attitude, ever ready to break the truce which prevents their animosities exploding? Shall the occupation of Rome by the French troops be prolonged for an indefinite period? Lastly, must we renounce without fresh attempts at conciliation the hope of lightening the burden imposed on the nations by the disproportionate armaments occasioned by mutual distrust? Such are, Sir, in our opinion, the principal questions which the Powers would doubtless judge it useful to examine and decide.

Lord Russell surely does not expect us to specify here the mode of solution applicable to each of these problems, nor the kind of sanction which might be given by the decisions of the congress. To the Powers there represented would pertain the right of pronouncing upon these various points. We will only add that it would be in our eyes illusory to pursue their solution through the labyrinth of diplomatic correspondence and separate negotiation, and that the way now proposed, so far from ending in war, is the only one which can lead to a durable pacification.

At one of the last meetings of the Congress of Paris the Earl of Clarendon, invoking a stipulation of the Treaty of Peace which had just been signed, and which recommended recourse to the mediation of a friendly State before resorting to force, in the event of dissension arising between the Porte and others of the signatory Powers, expressed the opinion "that this happy innovation might receive a more general application, and thus become a barrier against conflicts which frequently only break forth because it is not always possible to enter into explanation and to come to an understanding." The Plenipotentiaries of all the Courts concurred unanimously in the intention of their colleague, and did not hesitate to express in the name of their Governments the wish that States between which any serious misunderstanding may arise should have recourse to friendly mediation before appealing to arms.

The solicitude of the Emperor goes further; it does not wait for dissensions to break out in order to recommend an application to the actual circumstances of the salutary principle engraven on the latest monument of the public law of Europe, and his Majesty now invites his allies "to enter into explanations and to come to an understanding."

Accept, &c., DROUYN DE LHUYS.
DESPATCH FROM EARL RUSSELL TO EARL COWLEY.

Foreign Office, Nov. 25.
My Lord,—Her Majesty's Government have received from the Marquis de Cadore the copy of a despatch addressed to him by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, in

answer to my despatch to your Excellency of the 12th inst. Her Majesty's Government having obtained an answer to the inquiries they made, will not any longer delay giving a definitive reply to the invitation addressed by the Emperor of the French to her Majesty the Queen to take part in a congress of the European Powers to be assembled at Paris.

Her Majesty's Government fully recognise in this step the desire of the Emperor of the French to put an end to the disquietude which affects several parts of Europe, and to establish the general peace on foundations more solid than those on which, in his opinion, it now rests.

The Emperor declares that France is disinterested in this question; that he, for his part, seeks no aggrandisement; and that the interests to be secured are those, not of France, but of Europe. Her Majesty's Government may also declare that Great Britain is disinterested in this matter—that she seeks no aggrandisement—and that she has only to counsel moderation and peace. But France and Great Britain, being thus disinterested themselves, are bound to consider what is the position, and what, in a congress, will be the probable conduct of Powers who may be called upon to make sacrifices of territory or of pre-eminence and moral strength. It would be little to the purpose to say on this occasion anything more of the Treaties of 1815. Practically, the Emperor of the French admits the binding force of many portions of those treaties, and her Majesty's Government as readily allow that some portions of them have been modified or disregarded, and that other portions are now menaced or called in question.

Her Majesty's Government understand from the explanations given by M. Drouin de Lhuys that, in the opinion of the Government of the Emperor, it is obvious to every one that there are several questions not hitherto solved which may disturb Europe. Of this nature are the following:—"Must the conflict in Poland be still further prolonged? Is Denmark to be at war with Germany, and have the Powers which formerly took part in the discussion of this question become indifferent to it? Must anarchy continue in the Danubian Principalities, and thus at any moment tend to reopen the question of the East? Must Italy and Austria always remain in presence of each other in a hostile attitude? Must the occupation of Rome by French troops be prolonged for an indefinite time?" The Emperor's Government put a further question:—"Must we, without having made new attempts at conciliation, announce the hope of lightning the burdens imposed upon the nations of Europe by excessive armaments, kept up by the feeling of mutual distrust?"

These, no doubt, are the principal questions which either disturb or threaten the peace of Europe; but there is a further question which her Majesty's Government consider to lie at the bottom of this whole matter, and that is the following:—"Is a general congress of European States likely to furnish a peaceful solution of the various matters in dispute? This, indeed, is the question which it behoves the Governments of the different States to consider seriously and attentively. There appears to her Majesty's Government to be one main consideration which must lead them to their conclusion. After the war which desolated Germany from 1619 to 1649, and after the successive wars which afflicted the Continent of Europe from 1793 to 1815, it was possible to distribute territories and to define rights by a congress, because the nations of Europe were tired of the slaughter and exhausted by the burdens of the war, and because the Powers who met in congress had by the circumstances of the time the means of carrying their decisions and arrangements into effect. But at the present moment, after a continuance of long peace, no Power is willing to give up any territory to which it has a title by treaty or a claim by possession. For example, of the questions mentioned as disturbing or threatening Europe, two of the most disquieting are those regarding Poland and Italy. Let us examine the present state of these questions, and see whether it is probable that a congress would tend to a peaceful settlement of them. In the first place, with regard to Poland, the question is not new to France, to Austria, or to Great Britain. For several months these Powers, while carefully abstaining from any threat, have attempted to obtain from Russia by friendly representations the adoption of measures of a healing nature, but have only succeeded in procuring promises, often repeated, that when the insurrection shall have been put down recourse will be had to clemency and conciliation. Would there be any advantage in repeating in the name of a congress representations already made with so little effect? Is it probable that a congress would be able to secure better terms for Poland unless by a combined employment of force? Considerable progress has been made by the military preponderance and by the unsparring severity of Russia in subduing the insurgents. Is it likely that Russia will grant in the pride of her strength what she refused in the early days of her discouragement? Would she create an independent Poland at the mere request of a congress? But if she would not, the prospect becomes one of humiliation for Europe, or of war against Russia; and those Powers who are not ready to incur the cost and hazard of war may well desire to avoid the other alternative. It may be truly said, moreover, that the present period is one of transition. If the insurrection shall be subdued, it will then be seen whether the promises of the Emperor of Russia are to be fulfilled. If the insurrection shall not be subdued, or if, in order to subdue it, the Polish population is treated with fresh, and, if that be possible, with aggravated, rigour, other questions will arise which may require further consideration, but which would hardly receive a solution from a large assembly of representatives of all the Powers of Europe.

Indeed, it is to be apprehended that questions arising from day to day, coloured by the varying events of the hour, would give occasion rather for useless debate than for practical and useful deliberation in a congress of twenty or thirty representatives, not acknowledging any supreme authority, and not guided by any fixed rules of proceeding.

Passing to the question of Italy, fresh difficulties occur. In the first place, it is intended to sanction by a new treaty the present state of possession in Italy? The Pope and Sovereigns related to the dispossessed Princes might, on the one side, object to give a title they have hitherto refused to the King of Italy; and the King of Italy, on the other, would probably object to a settlement which would appear to exclude him, by inference at least, from the acquisition of Rome and Venetia. But is it intended to ask Austria in congress to renounce the possession of Venetia? Her Majesty's Government have good grounds to believe that no Austrian representative would attend a congress where such a proposition was to be discussed. They are informed that if such an intention were announced beforehand, Austria would decline to attend the congress; and that, if the question were introduced without notice, the Austrian Minister would quit the Assembly. Here again, therefore, the deliberations of the congress would soon be brought in sight of the alternative of nullity or war. But is it possible to assemble a congress and to summon an Italian representative to sit in it without discussing the state of Venetia? The Emperor of the French would be the first person to feel and to admit that such a course would not be possible.

With regard to Germany and Denmark, it is true that several of the Powers of Europe have interested themselves in that question, but the addition of Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Turkey to the deliberation would scarcely improve the prospect of a satisfactory solution. And if, with regard to Poland and Italy, no beneficial result is likely to be attained, is it expedient to call together a general congress of all the States of Europe to find a remedy for the anarchy of Moldo-Wallachia?

Were all these questions—those of Poland, Italy, Denmark, and the Danubian provinces—to be decided by the mere utterance of opinions, the views of her Majesty's Government upon most of them might, perhaps, be found not materially to differ from those of the Emperor of the French.

But if the mere expression of opinions and wishes would accomplish no positive results, it appears certain that the deliberations of a congress would consist of demands and pretensions put forward by some and resisted by others; and, there being no supreme authority in such an assembly to enforce the decisions of the majority, the congress would probably separate, leaving many of its members on worse terms with each other than they had been when they met. But, if this would be the probable result, it follows that no decrease of armaments is likely to be effected by the proposed congress. M. Drouin de Lhuys refers to a proposal made by Lord Clarendon in one of the last sittings of the Congress of Paris. But her Majesty's Government understand that proposal to have reference to a dispute between two Powers to be referred to the good offices of a friendly Power, but in no way to the assembling of a general congress.

Not being able, therefore, to discern the likelihood of those beneficial consequences which the Emperor of the French promised himself when proposing a congress, her Majesty's Government, following their own strong convictions, after mature deliberation, feel themselves unable to accept his Imperial Majesty's invitation.

You are instructed to give a copy of this despatch to M. Drouin de Lhuys. I am, &c.,

RUSSELL.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

WAR NEWS.

WE have intelligence from New York to the 21st ult., which is of considerable importance.

The long-threatened attack upon General Burnside's isolated position had at last been made. General Longstreet advanced across the Tennessee, at Loudon, on Saturday, the 14th, and moved towards Lender, but was driven back to within one mile of the river. During the night, however, Longstreet crossed with the remainder of his troops, and on Sunday, the 15th, advanced in force upon the Federals, who fell back, skirmishing, to Lender. Several unsuccessful attacks upon the Federals were made on Sunday night. On Monday morning the Federals, finding it impossible to hold their position, retreated to Campbell's Station, or Concord, the Confederates closely pursuing them. Desperate fighting ensued, lasting throughout the day, the Federals being driven from point to point. Under cover of the night the Federals continued their retreat, and on Tuesday reached their inner line of defences at Knoxville. On Wednesday morning the Federal outposts on the Kingston and Duden and Clinton roads were also attacked, and heavy skirmishing continued until nightfall. On Thursday, the 19th, the attack was

renewed, and, after a severe cannonading, the Confederates despatched the Federals and drove them from their positions towards Knoxville, capturing a portion of the chief fortifications only half a mile from the town. By the latest accounts the Confederates had completely invested the town. The Federal loss on Monday and Thursday was upwards of 500; that of the Confederates on the same days is estimated at 1400; but this is probably incorrect. The Federal General Lunders was severely wounded. General Shackleford had a sharp encounter with the Confederates on the east side of the Holston River, three miles from Knoxville, on Sunday, the 15th, and succeeded in checking their advance from that direction.

Washington despatches state that advices from General Burnside report that his position was impregnable. Communication between Cumberland Gap and Knoxville had been interrupted for several days, but from what cause was unknown.

The Confederates on Lookout Mountain continued to shell the Federal position at Chattanooga, but with little effect. General Sherman's corps had reinforced Grant's right. Bragg had also been heavily reinforced. Chattanooga telegrams of the 19th report all quiet.

Despatches from the head-quarters of the army of the Potomac announce that no further advance had been made by General Meade, who, it was believed, was about to go into winter quarters. A skirmish between Confederate and Federal cavalry occurred at Germania Ford on Wednesday, the 18th ult. The Confederates crossed the river, and after a short fight drove the Federals back upon their infantry supports. The loss in killed and wounded was small upon each side, but a number of Federals were captured.

Reports from Fort Moultrie, Charleston, assert that on the previous day one of the monitors had her funnel and turret perforated by the Confederate shots. On the 17th four monitors passed up the channel, but as they did not participate in the firing it was believed that they were sounding to ascertain if there was passage for vessels of a certain draught. The bombardment of Sumter continued; twenty-five shells were thrown into the city from Gregg, doing no serious damage. One of the Federal guns burst at the last discharge. Indications of more extensive operations on the part of the Federals were apparent.

General Banks's expedition landed on the 2nd inst. at Brazos de Santiago, on the Texan coast, nine miles from the mouth of the Rio Grande, and had advanced up the country, the Confederates falling back before him, and burning Fort Brown and a part of Brownsville, which was saved from utter destruction by the opposition of the inhabitants. Banks is reported to have found the townspeople and the Confederate troops fighting in the streets when he entered the town. Banks inaugurated his command by issuing stringent orders against disloyal persons. The object of this expedition is to break up the contraband trade between Mexico and the South. Advices from New Orleans of the 14th ult. report the occupation, without opposition, of Buirville and Point Isabel, in Texas, by General Banks. Frequent skirmishing occurred in the Teche country, but no decisive engagement had been fought.

General Lee's official report of his late forward movement in Virginia had been published. It appears that he advanced with the deliberate purpose of forcing Meade into a general engagement. The latter, for some reason best known to himself, declined the encounter, and retreated so rapidly that his opponent could do nothing more than harass his rear. General Lee could not attack so strong an army while lying immediately in front of its intrenchments, nor could he turn its position. He could not support a brigade in the country in which he found himself, and he had not the transportation-trains to enable him to bring supplies from beyond the Rappahannock. He had no other course to take than to fall back again behind that river. He had, however, inflicted very considerable damage upon the Federal army and very effectually deranged the plans of its commander.

GENERAL NEWS.

Mr. Wendell Phillips had made a speech, in which he asserted that President Lincoln had informed him that the greatest folly of his life was the issuing of the emancipation proclamation.

The consecration of the Gettysburg battle-field as a national cemetery took place on Thursday, the 19th ult. President Lincoln, Mr. Seward, the Hon. Edward Everett, and Governor Seymour were present. Mr. Lincoln delivered the dedicatory address, in which he said:—

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men were created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether the nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met upon a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live, and to resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE BUFFALO PLOT.

A Detroit paper gives the following account of the Confederate plot lately discovered in Canada:—

Bodies of men, secretly armed, but disguised as ordinary travellers, were to proceed to several cities, and take passage on the various steamers plying on the lake waters. When these steamers were fairly away from land, and therefore from assistance, the disguise was to be thrown off, the vessels taken possession of, and the crew and passengers made prisoners. The vessels captured were then to rendezvous at Johnson's Island, off Sandusky Bay, where over 4000 rebel prisoners were confined, under a rather slender guard of only 400 men. Their appearance was to be the signal for a general uprising and the overthrow of the guard, when the released prisoners, under the lead of General Jeff Thomson, now a captive, would also be received on board the captured vessels, and the whole fleet, rendered immensely more dangerous by the reinforcement of soldiers, was to proceed to Buffalo and destroy that powerful city. It is needless to deny that the scheme was both feasible and probable. Nothing could have been easier than the seizure of a number of our finest steamers in the manner indicated. The rising of the prisoners of Johnson's Island would have been a far more perilous undertaking; but still, with the aid of the steamers and the consequent panic, even that was far from impossible of accomplishment. With such a large hostile force once afloat on seaworthy vessels in our lakes, it is difficult to place a limit to the damage they could inflict or the panic they could create.

MEXICAN BRIGANDS.

WHATEVER may have been the reception of the French army in the city of Mexico, and their general influence with the inhabitants, it is quite certain that much remains to be accomplished before the country itself is reduced to that order which can alone be taken to express a pacific condition. In Mexico, as in all the large towns garrisoned by French troops, things go on smoothly enough; but beyond the military outposts the whole country is infested with bands of brigands, who attack travellers for the purposes of robbery, or, if they have a chance, cut off small detachments of French soldiers, in the name of patriotism.

This is unavoidable, since the French, with their present forces, cannot protect the whole of such a vast territory, and from their deficiency in cavalry cannot hope to pursue bands of robbers thoroughly acquainted with the country and so well mounted that their wiry horses will perform a distance of twenty or thirty leagues in a couple of days. It is said that the French might by this time have organised a light cavalry corps sufficient for the purpose of keeping open communications between their different points of occupation. They had only to offer a dollar a day to every man who presented himself at head-quarters, well armed and mounted, to have secured a corps of 2000 or 3000 men, who, well commanded, would soon have driven to the interior all these petty bands. The Real del Monte Mining Company adopted this course, and they have now 170 men admirably armed, and certainly better mounted than any body of cavalry ever seen in the country, who can always be relied upon either for the protection of their property or for the escorting of their conductors. Had the French divided the country into districts, and compelled the landed proprietors of each district to contribute towards the support of a mounted police, there would have been little difficulty in getting together a sufficient force to repel the attacks of these marauders; but, as it is, nothing has been done, and the country, consequently, is more than ever infested by a set of men who only live by rapine and plunder.

Our Engraving is taken from a sketch made by an officer of artillery of the stoppage of the railway train to Soledad by a band of about 200 Mexicans. The escort of this train was composed of twelve of the new Egyptian soldiers, who fought like lions in defending themselves against the attack, and so astonished the guerrilleros by their ferocious onslaught that they retired after a short but sharp engagement, in which three French officers were killed, one of them being M. Ligier, of the Foreign Legion. Several civilians, passengers by the train, were very seriously wounded, amongst whom were Mr. Lyons, the manager of the English Railway Company, the under-manager, and the principal engineer.

A similar attempt was made upon another train a few days afterwards, and on the same evening the brigands pillaged a house in the suburbs of Vera Cruz. The next day they attacked a troop of about thirty-three French soldiers with such suddenness that not one was able to save himself. Scarcely a day passes without some act of violence in the neighbourhood of Vera Cruz, which is almost surrounded by these robbers, who lie in wait to seize upon the provision-trains; while, now that the season has brought fresh bands from the mountains, similar depredations are constantly attempted at Minatitlan, Alvarado, Tampico, and even at Mexico, where the brigands are organised and controlled by regular military leaders.

THE RUSSIANS IN POLAND.

THE records of the Polish insurrection are but repetitions of acts of tyranny on the part of the Russian authorities, and of the renewed atrocities of the troops. It is said that the number of men, women, and children, of all ranks, who are being deported to Siberia increases every week; that scores of these people are neither guilty of any crime, nor can any charge of active opposition to the Russian Government be brought against them. It is intended, gradually, but as quickly as may be, to trample out the rebellion, not only by executions, but by a system of transportation which will eventually depopulate the country.

Yet, the insurrection is not trampled out. It spreads like fire upon tow; stamped upon in one place, it flares out fiercely in another; and the national spirit appears equal to any course rather than that of submission to the Muscovites. It is this determined spirit which, even when the patriotic cause seems hopeless, enables the Generals of the various insurgent bands to recombine their scattered followers and renew the attack at some fresh point. According to recent particulars, the Poles have had the best of it in several places where they have met with their enemies. The corps in the palatinate of Lublin, under Rucki and Cwiek, have gained an important victory at Ohelm, and a Russian magazine at Krasnystaw has been burnt by Rucki's cavalry. Prince Wittgenstein has been again defeated in the palatinate of Kalisch, and large reinforcements have been sent to him. Fresh bands have appeared in Samogitia, in the districts of Rossione and Grodno, while in the forest of Zywwody, near Suwalki (government of Augustowo), a Russian detachment fell into an ambush, and was defeated by the insurgents. Bodies of Poles are continually being deported from the government of Augustowo to Siberia.

The most striking feature of this struggle, however, is the difference between the conduct of the Poles, both leaders and troops, and that of the Russian Generals and their soldiers. While the latter seem to revel in cruelty and in the barbarous tortures inflicted on their prisoners, there are few cases in which the Poles have been guilty of inhumanity, or even of retaliation. The acts of violence perpetrated by the "cheifs" of "gendarmierie," such as Iskra and Boncza, have been reprobated and frequently punished by the National Government, and the conduct of the Polish gendarmierie has always been incomparably better than that of the Russians. Their excesses have been committed against proprietors suspected of withholding supplies, or peasants suspected or convicted of having favoured the enemy; and the treatment by the Poles of Russian prisoners, and especially wounded ones, has been almost invariably humane. Russians have undoubtedly been hanged by Czachowski and other chiefs, but only in the way of reprisals, and after due notice. At the beginning of the insurrection nothing of the kind was ever done on the Polish side.

Our Engraving represents a recent occurrence, which most forcibly illustrates the generous and humane temper of the Polish leaders. General Grunt, who commanded the Russian forces in the district of Minsk, was surprised at some distance from the town of Borisow by an insurgent detachment, under the leadership of Sobek, and, after a fierce engagement, was taken prisoner, together with some of his officers, his troops having been utterly routed and compelled to retreat to the other side of the river.

It may be very well understood that the General was in a dangerous position, since the Poles had many atrocities to avenge. It may have been that the General had himself taken no very active part in the cruelties of the Russian troops; but, whatever may have been the cause, it is certain that, after having been detained for three days during the encampment of the Polish force, he was conducted to the bank of the river, where Sobek restored to him his sword, and, pointing to a boat which was in readiness to convey him to the other side, said that he was free, since the Poles did not avenge themselves by hanging a loyal adversary.

THE ROYAL PARTY AT COMPIEGNE.

THE French Court at Compiègne is devoted, it is said, to the most simple enjoyments; and its indoor amusements are of a strictly domestic character, which are varied by the frequent sporting excursions of which their Imperial Majesties are such ardent admirers.

With respect to the domestic amusements, it is currently reported that the evening dances are performed to the simple music of a barrel organ, which is gravely played in turn by the military or political notabilities who are the invited guests of the Emperor. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the Court, if Court it can be called where such a quiet and select circle make up the company, is devoted only to the most simple amusements of the Imperial country-house; and that "sport" is the daily occupation of most of the male visitors, while the evenings are enlivened either by the balls just referred to or by little theatrical performances by the artistes of the Odéon or the Gymnase.

Thus we learn that on the last shooting excursion in the preserves of the park upwards of 1300 head of game were brought down, of which 200 fell to the Imperial gun; and that in the evening the performance of "Les Indifférents" was witnessed by the Royal party, consisting of the Emperor, the Empress, the Princess de Metternich, Princess Anna Murat, the Marquis of Hertford, Count de Goltz, Count and Countess de Chasseloup-Laubat, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, M. Auber, and others.

Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde have been rather unfortunate in their last sporting excursion, which took place in the wood of Meudon, for, on their return to Paris, as they approached the bridge of the Alma, their carriage came in contact with the American omnibus. The postilion, instead of following the outrider, who turned to the left, dashed on to the right, but not sufficiently swift to avoid a collision. The pole of the heavy omnibus burst in the door of the Prince's carriage, and he received a slight bruise in the left side, and M. Branicki a severe blow in the shoulder. The Prince and Princess found it necessary to quit their carriage, and to return to the Palais Royal in a hackney-coach.

It may be readily supposed that the little Prince Imperial takes a juvenile's part in the life at Compiègne, and, indeed, he has a special pony on which he rides out to some of the hunting expeditions. Our Engraving represents his little Highness in the regulation hunting-costume which he wears on State occasions, and is the only portrait which has been taken since he has been old enough to attend at these ceremonies. It was only a few nights ago, too, that the little fellow attended at the first theatrical performance at which he has been present at Compiègne. On this occasion the artistes of the Gymnase gave the new comedy of "Montjoie." The Prince sat on the Emperor's knee, and afterwards on a chair between their Majesties.



MEXICAN GUERRILLAS ATTACKING A TRAIN ON THE VERA CRUZ RAILWAY.

THE RECEPTION OF THE KING OF THE HELLENES.

WHILE the difficulties which surround the Danish throne are so seriously affecting his family, the new King of Greece (or, as he is entitled, the King of the Hellenes) is received by his new people

with all the enthusiasm which should greet a chosen Monarch. The squadron which accompanied the Hellas, in which the young King arrived at his dominions, reached the entrance of the Piræus at night; but their approach was signalled by rockets and blue lights,

and in the morning the whole of the vessels dressed and fired a Royal salute. On the Hellas entering port the yards were manned, and the various bands struck up the national air of Greece, the ships being all so swung with hawsers as to present their broadsides to the



THE POLISH INSURGENT GENERAL SOBEK RELEASING GENERAL GRUNT, CAPTURED AT THE BATTLE OF BORISOW.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. CAROULL.)

passing Hellas, leaving an avenue down the centre.

After having received the congratulations of the foreign Admirals, the King landed at once, amidst a succession of cheers, which had indeed continued from the time that the Hellas first entered the port.

The building which had been erected at the landing-place for his reception was no more than an Ionic temple, composed of lath and calico, but so admirably constructed that it looked quite real. In the centre of this structure was a raised dais, on which the King stood for a few minutes bowing his acknowledgments to the crowd, after which he entered the carriage of one of the Piræus merchants, who lent a vehicle for the occasion, as the carriages of the late King have all been sold.

This was not the only conveyance, however, since the Royal suite followed in ten other handsome equipages, the way being cleared for them by a line of Lancers. At the entrance of Athens another temple had been erected, having a triumphal arch in its centre, supported by Doric columns, surmounted with a trophy of flags and arms, and with lions at the corners. The entablatures were decorated with alternate small banners bearing Greek and Danish devices. At this point the Syndic of Athens pronounced an oration, and delivered two keys of gold to his Majesty, who was afterwards presented with a magnificent bouquet of artificial flowers by one of a company of young ladies who sang the national hymn. From this arch to the Piazza d'Armi each side of the road was gay with wreaths and garlands, which spanned a long row of poles planted along the whole line of the procession for about half a mile. The Square of Concord was very beautifully decorated with flags and myrtle; and here his Majesty, stopping to witness the fine spectacle which was presented by the entire district, was greatly affected by the enthusiasm of the people. Shortly afterwards the cortège passed down Eolus-street and entered the cathedral.

His Majesty was received by the Holy Synod, composed of ten Bishops, and was presented with a copy of the Gospels, which he kissed. A solemn "Te Deum" was chanted, and on the termination of the religious ceremony, at which the foreign representatives were present, the young King went to the Royal Palace, amid general cheering, escorted by a strong detachment of the National Guards.

At night the whole town was illuminated; but, notwithstanding



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN HUNTING COSTUME AT COMPIEGNE.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. DISDERI.)

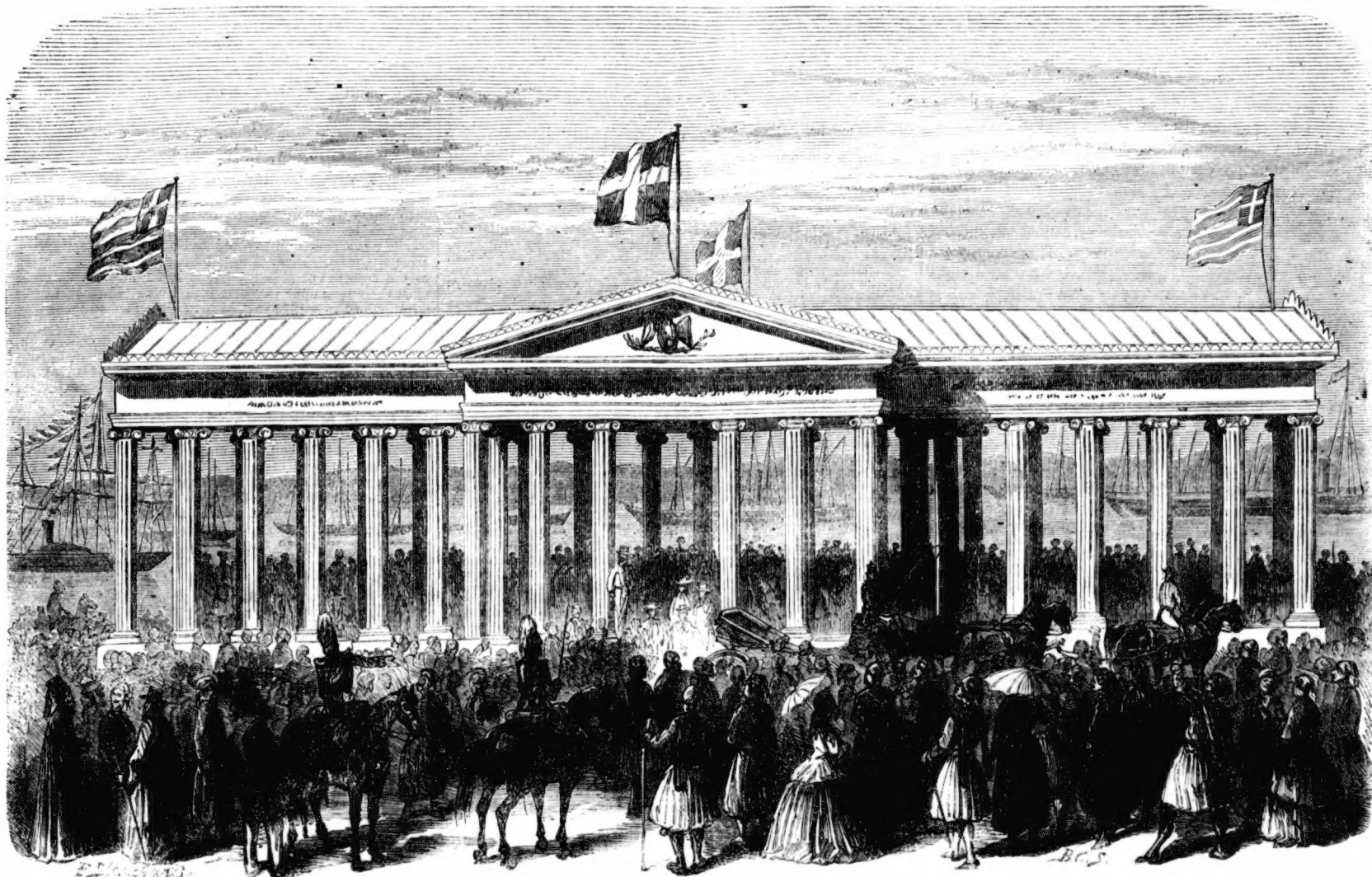
their reputation, the Greeks are not very good at this kind of rejoicing. The Acropolis was the most worthy of attention; small dishes of resin and earth were placed at intervals of about six feet round the whole parapet, which, when lighted, had the effect from the town of an encircling ring of fire. The windows of houses in the principal streets rejoiced in small lamps and candles, and in some of the more obscure streets bonfires of turpentine were made. Around the parapet of the cathedral was a single row of lamps.

The popular enthusiasm continued during the whole night, even in the prospect of the holidays which had been proclaimed by the Government for the two succeeding days, and "the people," who had little to spend, seemed to "take it out" in noise, and sang or howled to their hearts' content, but by no means to the gratification of the more quietly disposed.

The King again rode through the city in the evening in order to witness the illuminations. On the following day his Majesty went to the National Assembly, there to take the oath of fidelity to the Constitution. A State dinner was held at the palace, which was succeeded in the evening by a display of fireworks.

The rejoicings at Valetta were as loyal as those of Athens, and the illuminations, for which the Maltese have a talent, were far more magnificent.

According to a letter received a few days ago from Athens, the Athenians are becoming daily more and more pleased with their young King. "They are surprised at the simple, modest, and really antique life he leads. He walks through the streets alone on foot, or with one of his young Danish friends, saluting all—stopping to converse with people, visiting the vegetable market, inquiring the prices of the articles exposed for sale, &c. King Otho, on the contrary, never went out but with the greatest solemnity. King George attends the national Divine service on Sundays. It is reported that he is about to embrace the faith of his subjects, but I do not believe the statement. All the promotions made in the army since the revolution have been abolished by the National Assembly. In an army of 4000 men, in one day not less than 300 sub-Lieutenants were appointed. The Lieutenants made themselves Colonels, and Heuffon, a simple writer, had become General-in-Chief. The Government has just given a mark of confidence in the inhabitants. It has replaced the English and French sailors who guarded the bank by a body of twenty gendarmes."



RECEPTION OF GEORGE I, KING OF THE HELLENES, AT THE PIRÆUS.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. MICHEL.)

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1863.

THE RAILWAY INVASION OF LONDON.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH has been poetically designated the heart of London. Authors have traced analogy between the great metropolitan thoroughfares, with their branching streets and alleys, and the arteries, minor vessels, and capillaries of the human system of circulation, with perhaps Temple Bar as an example of a constriction. With equal truth, the district between the two cathedrals of St. Peter and St. Paul, the one on Ludgate-hill and the other at Westminster, may be described as representing the brain of the metropolis and of the country. Between these two points are centralised the intellectual foci of the nation, the establishments of the Parliament, the Law, and the Press, the great phrenal ganglions of England.

These are threatened with a danger which to a corporeal body might prove fatal. The danger is that of obstruction, and it is imminent. Whole pages of contemporary journals have lately been daily filled with advertisements of railway companies proposing, not only to cross, but to occupy the main cerebral arteries of the metropolis. Their number and variety prevent consideration of them as separate projects. One or two of them are already in active operation. A viaduct is to cross Ludgate-hill. A huge railway station has already annihilated whole streets on the south of the Strand, across which thoroughfare there is danger that a level train-way may be thrown, which will materially obstruct communication between Charing-cross and Temple Bar.

It is not to the owners of property in the direct line of proposed destruction that we can hope for opposition to these and similar schemes. The landlords and occupiers of the premises in peril may possibly hope even to find profit by the sale of their holdings at rates proportionate to the sacrifice of their interests. But the real damage consequent upon the destruction of a great thoroughfare is, after all, not a matter for compensation only of persons entitled to holdings upon either side of the way. It is a detriment of a most serious kind, involving impediment and heavy loss of time, money, and advantage to a large section of the public accustomed to the right of way, but by no means entitled or able to appear before a Commons' Committee to oppose the grant of a monopoly. It is to the attention and to the sense of the Legislature alone, in reference to all metropolitan railway schemes, that the general body of citizens can look in the hope of protection. The Ludgate-hill viaduct has already given occasion for repentance and remorse. The terminus now in erection near Charing-cross will shortly establish a blockade in the Strand, whereas, had it been completed upon the southern side of the Thames, the consequent traffic might have been filtered into at least three different channels—eastward, westward, and southward—before contributing to swell the throng in the most important of all our thoroughfares by crowds who will only enter it to use it as a point of departure.

It has already been suggested that no railway company should be permitted to enter the metropolis, and that the prohibition should take the form of a standing order of the House of Commons. As yet, the suggestion has not been acted upon. The press, vigilant enough in a general way, cannot be expected to detect the insidious encroachments of railway companies which, having been sufficiently warned, now mask their designs under delusive titles; or are content to hope to escape public comment amid a shoal of advertisements, each of which, while professing to court publicity, really evades it by appearing in the midst of an innumerable company.

There is, at present, one single point at issue. The question is, whether London is to remain the centre of intellect, commerce, and legislation, or to become one vast railway terminus, with dispersed radii, upon the lines of which the business of the metropolis and of the nation is to be carried on.

It is to this point we would earnestly direct the attention of our legislators. It is scarcely to be thought of that the vast and indispensable traffic between the Abbey and Temple Bar should be delayed for the passing of railway-trains across the principal thoroughfares, whether for the convenience, or, as may be yet more probable, to the inconvenience, of railway passengers. The railway is an excellent institution for cross-country travelling. When it is attempted to use it for trans-urban carriage, it appears under a totally different aspect. The internal street communication of a great city is at least of as great importance as any object to be gained by any metropolitan terminus.

CONDITION OF THE CONTRABANDS.—Mr. Froke, Federal superintendent of contrabands, stated recently at New York that at Memphis, last winter, 1200 out of 4000 that he had charge of died from want of proper clothing. They had been treated very badly by the Federal officers and soldiers, and were neglected by the medical staff. He said the sufferings of these people was a national dishonour. If they were not rescued, history would write something like this:—"The American people enticed within their lines tens of thousands of slaves, alluring them thither with the promise of liberty, took from among them all able-bodied men to reinforce their armies, huddled the rest together in great camps, and left them to perish of nakedness by the hundred."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY, Princess Helena, and Prince Alfred have sent a present of a quantity of toys for the inmates of the Hospital for Sick Children, in Great Ormond-street.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES was celebrated, on Tuesday, with ringing of bells, banquets, illuminations, &c., in London and a variety of other places.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK, who has been studying at Oxford University, has left that city for Denmark, on a visit to his Royal parents.

MR. HENRY FAWCETT, of Trinity Hall, has been elected to the professorship of political economy in Cambridge.

THE BEDOUINS in the vicinity of Mocha have revolted, pillaging the coffee crops and other produce.

A RUMOUR has reached Constantinople to the effect that Abd-el-Kader has died at Mecca.

A BODY OF MARINES, INFANTRY, AND ARTILLERY is about to be dispatched to Japan.

PARLIAMENT WAS FURTHER PROROGUED on Tuesday to the 13th of January; but as the words "then to meet for despatch of business" were not in the commission, the Houses will not assemble before the usual time, the middle of February.

THE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER has recently given a donation of £500 to the Wilts County Infirmary, at Salisbury.

FEDERAL EXECUTION IN HOLSTEIN will be accomplished by means of 24,000 active troops, the Saxon contingent, and a reserve of 45,000—being the troops of Prussia, Austria, and Hanover.

IN A BANKRUPTCY CASE, heard recently, it transpired that one of the dresses for which the petitioner, a lady, owed, had in it fifty-two yards of silk!

THE MAYOR OF PLYMOUTH has inflicted penalties on Lord Charles Beresford and one of his companions, for having mounted the roof of a cab and shot peas on pedestrians of both sexes.

MR. W. F. WINDHAM, late of Fellbrigge Hall, has executed a deed conveying the whole of his property to trustees for the payment of his debts—in other words, Mr. Windham is a bankrupt.

KING RADAMA, of Madagascar, who was supposed to have been murdered, is reported to be still alive. The wounds he received were not fatal, and his partisans concealed him till he had recovered. This story requires confirmation.

THE COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LONDON have unanimously agreed to appropriate ground in Victoria-street, and to erect dwellings thereon for the labouring poor, at an estimated cost of £20,000.

AGOSTINO BORGHI, of Florence, has discovered a composition to render garments incombustible. Two men dressed in clothing prepared by him remained for ten minutes exposed to the flames formed by an immense heap of faggots without inconvenience.

THE PLAGUE is announced as on its way from Persia, some authentic cases of that calamity having been reported from the Turkish frontier at Bayazid.

A NEW MUSIC-HALL, one of the handsomest buildings of the kind in London, was opened last week, under the name of the Regent, so called from Regent-street, Westminster, in which it stands.

THE CHIEFS of the public administration of Croatia have resolved that Croatia shall send deputies to the Austrian Reichsrath on condition that certain modifications be made in the Constitution.

THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT has guaranteed to pay France 1400 francs per annum for every French soldier left in the country, and also to maintain the French ships left to guard the coast.

THE NUMBER OF PRISONERS for political offences who have been liberated from the prisons of Naples, in consequence of the amnesty, is stated by the Italian journals to be about fifty.

A COMPANY for connecting Amsterdam by a canal with the North Sea was constituted last Saturday. It is believed that the requisite funds have been provided by English capitalists.

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY, on Saturday last, licensed the Rev. Bryan King, formerly of St. George's-in-the-East, to the rectory of Avebury, with Winterbourne Monkton, Wilts, vacant by the cession of the Rev. John Lockhart Ross.

THE ABBEY CHURCH AT BATH, known as "the lantern of England," is about to be restored, at a cost of between £6000 and £7000, under the superintendence of Mr. Gilbert Scott as architect; and a local committee has been formed in furtherance of the object.

SEVERAL BRITISH SUBJECTS were shipped for service on board the United States' war-ship *Kearsage*, at Cork, during the month of November, in violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act. The facts have been sworn in affidavit before the magistrates of Cork.

MARIE ESCUDIER, a clever French author, thanks to his feminine Christian name, has just received an offer of marriage from an English gentleman, who, in his letter, expresses his "love for the name of Mary," and his "adoration of female talent."

THE TUNISIAN GOVERNMENT has consented that foreigners may become holders of property in Tunis on the same terms as natives. The British Consul signed the necessary papers on the subject on Nov. 19, as far as Englishmen are affected thereby.

THE FAMOUS ROMAN GRAVE MOUNDS, known as the Bartlow Hills, in Essex, after having been spared by the plough and the harrow for more than a thousand years, have at length been condemned to destruction, in order to accommodate a minor feeder of the Great Eastern Railway.

THE TREATY OF COMMERCE AND NAVIGATION between France and Italy passed the Turin Chamber of Deputies on Saturday. Several amendments were proposed by the Opposition, but were all rejected by large majorities, and the treaty was adopted without alteration.

THE SEA seems to have no injurious effect on bees, as the Sinois arrived at Algiers on the 20th with a large case filled with hives of bees, which were found not to have suffered in any way from the voyage. They were intended for some of the European settlers in the interior.

LORD PALMERSTON has, while in office, created eighteen peers:—Lords Wensleydale, Aveland, Lyons, Belper, Fermoy (Irish), Eversley, Elbury, Macaulay, Chesham, Llanover, Lyveden, Taunton, Westbury, Fitzhardinge, Seymour, Houghton, Annaly, and Earl Russell—a goodly list.

A MONTE VIDEO DESPATCH, dated Oct. 28, received by telegraph from Lisbon, states that a ship, supposed to be the *Flowerly Land*, from Liverpool to Singapore, is reported to have been purposely sunk by the crew, after murdering the master, mate, and other persons. Fourteen of the supposed culprits were prisoners at Monte Video.

A BOSTON CORRESPONDENT of the *Cincinnati Gazette* is responsible for the following:—"I heard the other day of a bon-mot made by Longfellow, the poet. Young Mr. Longworth, of your city, being introduced to him, some one present remarked upon the similarity of the first syllable of the two names. 'Yes,' said the poet; 'but in this case, I fear, Pope's line will apply: 'Worth makes the man—the want of it the fellow.'"

A VERY HEAVY GALE raged on Wednesday over the metropolis. On the river several vessels were driven into collision one with the other, and some loss of life has, it is feared, taken place. Chimney-stacks were toppled over in numerous places, and in gardens and nurseries much damage was done.

A MAN NAMED LAWRENCE contrived to make his escape from the House of Correction at Coldbath-fields on Wednesday morning. The window of his cell was about seven feet from the top of the outer wall. He bridged the distance with a rope which he managed to throw across and fix on the other side, and then, scrambling over, he dropped down from the wall to the street, nearly knocking down a startled traveller who happened to be passing at the time.

LETTERS FROM THE CAUCASUS state that the insurrection is spreading considerably. The Circassians have shot several Russian officers occupied in surveying the routes leading to Tshakli, where 15,000 insurgents are assembled.

THE GREEK CHAIR AT OXFORD.—On Tuesday the proposal for augmenting the stipend of the Greek Professor (Dr. Jowett) from £40 to £400 was brought forward once more by Dr. Stanley, and the votes being equal, was, according to the custom of the council, dropped. Dr. Stanley was supported, amongst others, by the Vice-Chancellor, the Dean of Christ Church, the Master of Balliol, the Regius Professor of Divinity, the Professor of Moral Philosophy, and the Junior Proctor. Of the opposition, probably the only names known beyond the University are those of Dr. Pusey, Professor Mansel, and Dr. Jeune.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE.—Over Stonewall Jackson's grave waves a diminutive Confederate flag, not larger than a lady's handkerchief. This tiny emblem is fastened to a staff not more than two feet long, and placed at the head of the grave, and there waves as if to illustrate the modest pretensions of the great hero of the Valley of Virginia. Close by his side a small grave is to be seen, which contains the remains of his child, who died a few years ago, and not far distant is the grave of his first wife, "Ellenor, the daughter of George and Julia Junkin," with a plain marble slab at the head.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE.—The Metropolitan Board of Works held a special meeting on Tuesday, to consider the various plans proposed to them for the utilisation of the metropolitan sewage. Some discussion took place on the different plans; and the members appeared to be unanimous on the point that none of the plans before them were sufficiently worked out for practical adoption, though different members had different modes of expressing the common idea. Ultimately a motion to that effect by Mr. D'Alfanger was adopted.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

If it be true that a lady who lately died at Torquay has left Mr. Disraeli the magnificent legacy of £40,000, the right hon. gentleman may now cock his beaver and snap his finger at Fate. In former days he had his cares and anxieties about his own private finance, and, probably, often had to say, with Falstaff, "I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse; borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable." By marrying the widow of his former colleague, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, he was, however, at once placed above all present anxiety, as this lady had an ample fortune. Still, as Mrs. Disraeli has only a life interest in her property, there was a possible future before him when *Atra cura* might once more mount behind him. But, in 1859, he completed the necessary term of office to enable him to claim his pension as a retired Chancellor of the Exchequer. The amount of this annual pension is £2000. No one can claim it who has not held the office three years, and made a declaration that the pension is needful to enable the claimant to live as one who has held so high a position ought to live. Mr. Disraeli, by adding together the time he held office in 1852 to that of 1859, just managed to show a completion of the legal term, and, as he had no difficulty in making the necessary declaration, he obtained the pension. Now, if this lady has really left him £40,000, he will have at least £2000 a year more, or £4000 in all, unless, indeed, he should deem it proper, being thus enriched, to give up his pension. Mr. Walpole did not get the pension in 1859. It will be remembered that he and Mr. Henley succeeded from the Ministry about four months before it broke up, because they were dissatisfied with the Government Reform Bill. The indulgence of this conscientious scruple cost Mr. Walpole £2000 a year for life. But, if the amount had been ten times as large, Mr. Walpole's conduct would have been the same. "Every man has his price," said another Walpole; but here in his own family a man rises up to refute the slander. Mr. Henley's scruple of conscience cost him nothing, as he is rich, and would not have taken the pension had he completed his term. Nobody, however, doubts that he, too, would have retired if he had been poor as Andrew Marvel, for Mr. Henley, like Mr. Walpole, is, above all things, an honest man.

The rule that at agricultural meetings the subject of politics should be avoided by the speakers has become a dead letter. Agricultural meetings are now essentially political gatherings. Farmers go to them to hear what their members have to say upon the politics of the day; and politics, foreign and domestic, are more talked about than farming. There are, however, some social topics which invariably turn up at these gatherings—notably, the subject of labourers' cottages, which one is glad to see, for really the scandal of these wretched dwellings ought to be removed from our national character. But we shall never get better cottages for the labourer to any great extent from the charity of the landlords. No man who understands the elements of political economy believes that we shall. Neither is it of much use to preach to the self-interest of the landlords and farmers. What is wanted is that the labourers should be in a position to demand better dwellings, and be free to leave the village where they are not to be got and go where they are. Mr. Alcock evidently sees this, for at Reigate the other day, speaking of the bad dwellings of the poor, he said, "In my opinion, the law of settlement is the root of the evil; and every effort ought to be made to effect a change in that law, and, in fact, to get rid of it altogether." Hear, hear, Mr. Alcock! Knock away the last of the old feudal fetters from the limbs of the peasant. Let him go freely—as freely as the artisan goes—to seek work and good dwellings where they are to be found. At present he is obliged to take whatever wages the farmers, in private meeting assembled, determine to offer him, and to live in such a cottage as the landlord chooses to build. It is to be hoped that at no distant day the English peasant will be able to sell his labour in an open market, and to say boldly to the squire, "I cannot live on such a pigsty as that; if you will not build a better, I must go elsewhere." Almost all talkers on this subject speak of the English labourer as a being utterly powerless to help himself, and as an object of charity; but give him his rights—that is, give him freedom from fettering laws—and I venture to say that he will soon want none of this possetting and coddling. Mark that, Mr. Leveson Gower; for you do not seem to see into this subject so clearly as your neighbour, Mr. Alcock.

Whatever may be thought of the speeches lately delivered by Messrs. Bright and Cobden, it can hardly be denied that they put their fingers boldly upon a sore place in our social system. The aggregation of property into large masses is unquestionably a sore evil under the sun. In short, it is the very evil, if we think of it, which our forefathers dreaded and provided a remedy for in the Statute of Mortmain, first passed in the reign of Edward I. "See," said that sagacious Monarch, "if we do not take care, our lands will in time all get into the grip of a dead hand (mortmain). It is better that land should be alienable." And so the Statute of Mortmain was passed. At first it only applied to the Church; but in the reign of Richard II. it was made by a supplement to apply to lay corporations. This statute has often been amended; but it is still operative, and unquestionably it has done much good. But the evil has come to us in these modern days in another form. Property does not get into the dead hand of the Church and lay corporations, but into the dead hand of individuals; and this evil, which has increased and is increasing wonderfully, produces many other evils, as every political economist knows. But how is it to be remedied? The passion for the possession of land—to become a landed proprietor—is a religion in England. When a merchant or manufacturer has made money the first thing he does is to look out for land, which he will buy at any cost. Very little land can be bought to pay more than three per cent; and the wealthy parvenu is quite contented with this interest if he can but become a proprietor of land. I have noticed this subject apropos to the speeches of Messrs. Bright and Cobden, who seem to have fixed their eyes upon this evil with a view to attack it. But what a hubbub there will be if they do? Fancy a man mounting a stump in Constantinople to attack Mohammedanism. Well, he might almost as safely do that as to attack the sacred rights of land. "What have you observed in England, Monsieur, during your six months' visit," said a gentleman to a Frenchman at his dinner-table. "Observed!" replied the witty Frenchman, "there are only two things to be observed in England—Sunday, and the law of primogeniture. If a man will but observe them in England he is a good man." The late Sir George Lewis was quite alive to the magnitude of this evil, and used freely to discuss it; and once, in answer to an indignant landed proprietor, who exclaimed, in terror, "What, Sir George, would you interfere with the rights of property?" he quietly said, "Property is the creation of the law, and as now regulated by the law is an anomaly." Fancy the astonishment of our country squire when he heard this. Why, this is worse than the attacks of Colenso upon the Pentateuch.

"Were you at the Scotch dinner last night?" said I to my well-known political chum. "Yes; and a very good dinner it was. Cookery good, wines good, all good—except that we were a little too much crowded; just three inches more on each side for the play of our elbows would have wonderfully contributed to our comfort. However, I got on passably well, and made as good a dinner as I ever hope to get at such noisy places." "How did old Pam look?" "But so-so. He seemed to me to have got much older in appearance than he was when I last saw him. He got on bravely enough, though, and his voice has not failed in the least." "I suppose that you had a good deal of display. The Scots would naturally come out in all their glory on such an occasion." "Display! I believe you, my boy! It was a sight to see, as the noble Lord marched up the room, preceded by the Duke of Argyll's and the Queen's ain pipers, dressed in their grand dresses, and some score of Scotch swells, all in their tartans and philabegs, and other highland bravery. Notably the Secretary, who blazed in his Stuart pattern plaid like a comet." "Of course the pipers piped their choicest strains?" "Don't mention it, my friend. The screeching of those thrice-acursed pipers was the one drawback of the night. I can understand that, at a fair distance, they may harmonise well

with wild mountain scenery, but in a room they are intolerable. And to call this horrid noise music! The caterwauling of a cat in a gutter is as good. The Scotchmen seemed to like it, though, for they cheered the pipers lustily. I suspect, however, they like it as they do oatmeal porridge, which they praise to the skies, but take good care never to eat when they can get anything better. Indeed, I am not quite sure that the cheers were not really expressions of satisfaction that the screeching and crooning were over. The fellows played well, though. "Who was there?" "Who was there?" Why, there was the little Duke of Argyll, with his blue ribbon; and Sir Roderick Murchison, with his red; and old Colonel Sykes, in that curious evening costume of his, which is the strangest mixture of colours that I ever saw, except the dress of old Sir Henry Willoughby, which is acknowledged to beat anything in dress that ever was invented. I like the old Colonel, though. He is a really able man, the old Colonel, and as honest a man as ever stepped, though he does belong to your Radical set. Sir John Heron Maxwell was there, of course, and of course he got the best place in the room; trust his impudence for that. He sat next but one to Lord Palmerston. There was a tall Archdeacon sat between them, who was pressed into service, I suppose, to say grace, though why on earth a Scotch Presbyterian did not do the needful passes my comprehension. "Why did not Dr. Cumming do duty?" He was there. I suppose the manager thought that he would be too long over it. They doubted the propriety of a grace 'as lang's my arm.' "Well, there may be something in that. I don't like a long grace myself. The Archdeacon sat as upright as a yard of pump-water all the evening, and allowed Sir John to keep Palmerston in talk." "Sir John's a Tory?" "Yes, and wouldn't give Pam a vote to save his life. However, the thing altogether was well got up, and went off uncommonly well, and did the new secretary great credit."

"Lawrence is to go to India." "Yes, I had that news before it got into the papers, and, mind you, he's the right man. He knows India well and India knows him, and he will do his duty; and, as he is thoroughly acclimatised, I hope he shan't lose him. That's a sad business, the loss of Lord Elgin, for he was really an able man. I saw him just before he started for India, and, egad! I trembled for him. I thought then his was hardly the frame to stand hard work at Calcutta." "The religious people are all cock-a-hoop about this appointment of Lawrence." "Of course; but Sir John is too wise a man to sacrifice his usefulness to their whim. They are useful people in their place, but save us from being governed by them."

The military clubs are ringing with indignation at the anomalous position occupied by the senior Lieutenant-Colonel of one of the regiments just ordered from India to New Zealand. The officer in question holds a lucrative Staff appointment, which he is loth to resign; and so, by some arrangement incredible to the civilian mind, his corps has proceeded to the scene of action without him. It is, I hear, a well-known rule of the service that no engagement on the Staff should prevent a senior officer leading his men into the field, and, as this rule has been openly violated, the authorities are blamed for not having at once placed the delinquent upon half pay. Writing without special knowledge of the mysteries of pipelay, it is with some diffidence that I hazard an opinion upon such a delicate matter. Still, it would seem obvious that the officer who can fight and won't fight should be either made to perform his military duties, irrespective of personal inclination, or be relieved of the necessity of performing them at all.

"Smoke ain't no use in making a boy come down a chimney," said Mr. Gamfield in "Oliver Twist," "for it only sends him to sleep, and that's wot he likes. Boys is wery obstin'it and wery lazy, gen'l'men, and there's nothink like a good hot blaze to make 'em come down with a run." The board, if you will remember, were tickled by the humour of this suggestion, and decided upon appointing Oliver to Mr. Gamfield. I don't know whether the same sapient guardians of the poor are now sitting at Newcastle, or whether it is from the workhouses that the sweeps obtain their climbing-boys, but that town has certainly obtained an unenviable prominence for its open contempt for humanity according to law. The fact of boys being illegally employed had become so notorious that an officer was sent down from London the other day to prosecute in all the cases he could prove. Now, the Act very distinctly lays down ten pounds as the lowest penalty to be inflicted on any one convicted of sending a boy up a chimney. Please bear this in mind, and then tell me what you think of the Mayor and Aldermen of the town to which it is unwise to carry coals. The London officer had not the least difficulty in pitching upon sweeps employing climbing-boys, and promptly summoned them before the local Bench. In one case the master produced the boy carefully washed and combed, whereupon a member of this keen-witted tribunal remarked that "he did not look as if he went up chimneys," and the prosecution fell to the ground; in another, the Bench were "very much of opinion that the case was proved," and inflicted a nominal fine—that is, just two shillings and sixpence! Now, as, in one of the dismissed cases, the boy had been watched into the house, his hand-brush seen out of the top of the chimney, and on subsequent entry was heard working his way down, and as the Aldermen of Newcastle have no more right to either remit or mitigate the punishment of this offence than they have to declare "killing no murder," one would be glad to have some explanation of their marvellous administration of justice.

The way in which the number of London clubs is being augmented is one of the signs of the times. Formerly a clubhouse was a luxury only to be enjoyed by the salt of the earth. A humorous account of the convivial and social clubs of the Addisonian period certainly forms one of the best known papers in the *Spectator*. But the Fat Club, for men of bulk; the Twopenny Club, for men of small means; the Humdrum Club, for men rather taciturn than witty; the Ugly Club, for men whose appearance was more quaint than handsome; were all, as Addison wrote, "founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part." But the modern clubhouse aims at and supplies much more than this. It is a luxurious home, wherein the appointments and appliances befit a nobleman's mansion, and by means of which men of moderate means may live, in many respects, on an equality with Dukes. This fact is gradually making itself felt in every layer of society. The old-established clubs are full, and many of them have lists of candidates waiting for admission containing hundreds of names. The Senior and Junior United Service, the Army and Navy, the United University, and the Oxford and Cambridge, are all salient examples of this repletion; and hence it is that we hear of more than one new club, for the particular classes to whom those named appeal. The Naval and Military, recently started in Clifford-street, already numbers some hundreds of members. The house of the defunct Parthenon has been taken for a New United Service Club; the Public Schools Club, the bedrooms of which I mentioned the other day, of course takes in many Oxford and Cambridge men, and there is already a New University Club spoken of as certain. Add to these the Whitehall Club, for civil engineers and professional men, whose business lies with Parliament; the Albert Club, in George-street, Hanover-square, formed, like the Wyndham, for no class in particular; the United Arts, in the square itself, for men connected professionally, or as amateurs, with literature, science, or art; a club not yet named or launched, which meditates a striking innovation in the ordinary rules of such establishments; and you will see that without reckoning the Barristers' Club, which is as yet only an idea, the advantages of co-operation are being more and more fully understood as the world rolls on.

Don't you think Mr. Frank Buckland has met with his full share of public attention lately? What with the sturgeon, and the porpoise, and his operations with, and opinions upon, both, he has formed a leading newspaper feature during "the silly season." It is, no doubt, exceedingly interesting to naturalists, and highly amusing to the world at large, to hear what Mr. Buckland says to a keeper, and what the keeper replies. It is also instructive to know that Mr. B. smokes a pipe when driving through London; but, admitting all this, I can't admire him when, after watching his opportunity, he pushes a herring "with my hand right down his (the por-

poise's) stomach." This seems a cruel and useless way of administering food, particularly when the poor gasping victim is "too weak to swallow." Neither does it strike me that dropping lighted vesuvians "by accident" upon that victim's back is so comic a proceeding as it seems to Mr. Buckland, who remarks, with obvious glee, "that it made him jump up and roll round in his wooden cage like a jack in a box." These matters are all questions of taste, but I can't help fancying that if some Brobdignagian were to use his giant's strength in pushing meat "right down the stomach" of this ardent naturalist (waiting until he were "too weak to swallow"), and were to previously apply "by accident" a catheter wheel or a rocket to his spine, that his sense of the humour of such an arrangement would be considerably modified.

Why the Marquis of Hartington and his advisers should have selected a Sunday for their recent semi-official inspection of Woolwich Arsenal is a problem agitating, not merely the members of the Lord's Day Observance Society, but that portion of the public which habitually discerns hidden motives and attributes occult designs where, in all probability, neither the one nor the other exists. So we have various stories to account for the visit, each one of which is more improbable than its forerunner. The officials who were severally kept at their posts have, undoubtedly, some cause for complaint, and, as we are told that Saturday is almost a *dies non*, it seems hard that they should have to dance attendance, even upon a Marquis, on what is emphatically known as the day of rest. Marcellus asks pertinently,

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?—

and it would be satisfactory to know that "the sore task" imposed on the heads of departments and others by this ill-timed inspection had its origin in something more substantial than mere whim.

A legal friend, who has just returned from Guildford, prognosticates a repetition of the disgraceful street riots next Christmas, and gives as a reason for the supineness of the magistracy that the "swells" have all villa residences outside the town. He assures me that, as long as only tradesmen's windows are broken and only "the lower middle classes" pelted, that ultra-genteel Guildford will say, "How shocking!" but will adopt no very stringent measures against the offenders. Meanwhile, as the incompetency of the local bench and the rufianism of the local "rough" have become equally apparent, it is pertinently asked whether the Home Office will not stimulate its representative Solons into something like decent activity. "Aint nobody to be wopped?" cried Mr. Samuel Weller, ruefully. "Is nobody to be held responsible?" echo the townspeople of Guildford.

The Rev. Richard Hibb, in a temperate but rather wandering letter, objects to my having stated that "it was his custom to fulminate against the Sabbath-breaking of the elderly clubbites." To show that I am not the only person holding or expressing this opinion, I beg to quote from Mr. Thackeray's last essay in the *Cornhill*:

Before the Duke of York's column, and between the Athenaeum and United Service clubs, I have seen more than once, on the esplanade, a preacher holding forth to a little congregation of baduads and street boys, whom he entertains with a discourse on the crimes of a rapacious aristocracy, or warns of the imminent peril of their own souls. Sometimes on a Sunday he points to a white head or two visible in the windows of the clubs to the right and left of him, and volunteers a statement that those quiet and elderly Sabbath-breakers will soon be called from this world to another, &c.

No one doubts Mr. Hibb's earnestness and zeal; it is his discretion which I questioned, and question still.

The following note is self-explanatory. I believe I spoke the feelings of the public, as unflinching by the quarrels between the various departments of the British Museum:

In your last Number (p. 343) it is stated that two of the staff of the British Museum, who are members of the Entomological Society, voted for a resolution condemning the recent appointment of a librarian, who is ignorant of natural history, to a vacancy in the entomological branch of the zoological department of the Museum. I beg to correct this statement, as neither of the gentlemen referred to either spoke or voted on the subject, although it was one of great importance to themselves; and one of them, who happens to be president of the society, left the chair on the matter being broached. The "wiggling" they received from the authorities was therefore quite uncalculated for; and the notion of any subordinate in the British Museum joining in a public (or any other) protest against a promotion made by their chief is ludicrous in the extreme to those who know the intolerable despotism of the Chief Librarian.

I am afraid that the writer of your article is the only person who thinks Mr. Panizzi right in the matter; but, in justice to the trustees, it should be remarked that hitherto assistants have generally been appointed in accordance with the wishes of the heads of the departments wherein vacancies occur. In the present case, however, all precedent has been neglected, and the entire affair is simply a public exhibition of the many slights and annoyances put upon the zoological department by the Chief Librarian, who has friends in court, but none among scientific men. AN ENTOMOLOGIST.

I see it advertised that the organ which James Watt made with his own hands is now for sale as a curiosity. But the advertisement does not mention that which is the greatest curiosity about it. Unless my memory fails me, it was the case that Watt was utterly unmusical—totally incapable of distinguishing a tune; and that he made this organ mathematically, just as a scientific and mechanical *tour de force*.

Nowadays people do not start theories out of mere courtliness, otherwise tobacco would stand a chance of being abused out of fashion because the Queen has declared against it. One is reminded of what took place in the reign of Charles II. That monarch being a smoker, a drinker, and altogether a Cyprian sort of person, three physicians of the day paid their court to him by writing up the three W's. May the bashful muse call them, paraphrastically, Wine, Weed, and Vice? First of all there was published, "Panacea, or a Universal Medicine; being a Discovery of the Wonderful Virtues of Tobacco. 1659. By Dr. Giles Everard," to which was prefixed a portrait of the doctor in his physician's robes, smoking away like a volcano in breeches. After him came Dr. Whitaker, whose book was called "The Tree of Human Life, or the Blood of the Grape; proving the Possibility of Maintaining Life from Infancy to Old Age by the Use of Wine." Finally, Dr. Johannes Archer, another of his blessed Majesty's medical men, issued, in the year 1673, a treatise which extolled the other W as a means of making one's days long in the land. Just conceive modern physiologists setting to work to write down tobacco merely upon the hint given by her Majesty! I do not know that anybody has just now called to mind that queer old poem called "Smoking Spiritualised," which begins:—

The Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay—
All flesh is hay—
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

An easy vein of moralising! "Drinking Spiritualised" might begin thus:—

The spirit with the waters join'd;
The sugar melts, nor stays behind;
All, all is mixed;
No thing is fixed.
Thus think, and take your brandy.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

A few weeks ago I told you that Lord Dundreary (or, I should say, Mr. Sothorn) had made, in theatrical parlance, a "hit" as the Kinchin in "The Flowers of the Forest" at Manchester. He has now been at *hit* again (I beg your pardon, but I am thinking of writing a burlesque for Christmas) in Dublin. On Monday last he acted Count Priuli in the drama of "Retribution"—a piece played some time ago at the Olympic, and which would be more appropriately called "Vengeance!" As the moody and revengeful hero, Mr. Sothorn achieved what may be considered, for an actor who has only appeared hitherto in the broadest comedy and farce, an extraordinary triumph. The Dublin paper says:—

It was a remarkable illustration of the rare versatility of Mr. Sothorn, whose dramatic fame might well be based upon past triumphs. His success last evening in the new character was not inferior to his realisation of the young nobleman of weak mental capacity, who so eternally dabbles in logic, and falls so lamentably in his conclusions. His Count Priuli is by no means

an inferior performance, although requiring the exercise of genius of a different order to that which ensured the success of "Our American Cousin."

What will this popular actor essay next? Probably, Juliet in French, or Mrs. Malaprop in Japanese.

An interesting little narrative, called "Pet Marjorie," published by Mr. W. P. Nimmo, of Edinburgh, has, I hear, attracted the attention of her Majesty, who has commanded a copy of the work to be forwarded to her.

AZULENE.—This name has been given by Mr. Septimus Piesse to a new body discovered by him to exist in several essential oils. In a paper describing azulene, read before the Chemical Society, the author stated that, though this substance was first observed by him as a product derived from the fractional distillation of otto of patchouley, he has since found it to exist generally in essential oils as an integral part of their proximate constitution, giving the colour by which each oil is distinguished. Pure azulene is of a beautiful blue colour, and the presence of a small quantity of it gives the blue oil of chamomile its azure tint: hence the name given to the new body. It is now ascertained that brown-green, yellow-green, and green oils owe their colour to a portion of azulene and a yellow resin, varying in proportions, as optically indicated. He does not, however, view the general presence of azulene in essential oils merely as a colouring matter, but thinks it must also have some connection with odorous bodies. Mr. Piesse will probably ascertain this in his future experiments.

A LUCKY SHOEMAKER.—A French journal gives the following particulars respecting the origin of the fortune of M. Bravay, a deputy whose return in the department of the Gard has been annulled. M. Bravay was born at Saint-Esprit in the Gard, where his father was a tradesman in narrow circumstances. After serving his apprenticeship to a shoemaker the son went abroad and returned last year with a fortune which the least exaggerated reports estimate at fifteen millions of francs. It appears that, on leaving France, he went to Egypt, and obtained occupation in a shoeshop at Cairo. One day a stranger, evidently a person of rank, who had torn his embroidered slipper while walking, entered the shop and wished to have it repaired while he waited. The master of the establishment called Bravay, who repaired the slipper very neatly, to the great satisfaction of its owner. On going away the stranger told Bravay that he would send for him next day about other repairs which he wished to have executed. A messenger accordingly came and conducted Bravay to the palace, where he was ushered into the presence of the Viceroy, in whom he recognised the stranger of the previous day. The Viceroy showed him the slippers which he wished to have repaired, entered into conversation about his business, and at last proposed that Bravay should supply shoes for a part of the army. From that time M. Bravay became an extensive contractor for Government supplies, and soon acquired great wealth and influence. At the death of the Pacha, M. Bravay realised his fortune and returned to France. His first action on returning to his native place was to indemnify all persons who had suffered by his father's failure many years before.

THE CHARING-CROSS RAILWAY.

THE LINE FROM LONDON BRIDGE.

THIS short line from London Bridge to Charing-cross, the forerunner of the many good and bad schemes now known under the general name of metropolitan extensions, was provisionally opened on Wednesday with all the pomp and circumstance which could be imparted by the visit of a large party of directors and officials, and all the conviviality which could be derived from an excellent *déjeuner* at the end of the day's proceedings.

The line from London Bridge to the South-Western and Charing-cross was the first of the kind projected, and, though only a very short extension, and presenting no peculiar engineering difficulties, it has been what is termed the heaviest—that is to say, the most expensive for its length—ever built. When all is paid up, it will be found to have cost very nearly, if not quite, £1000 sterling per yard. Much of this immense expenditure was no doubt due to the unexpected opposition of the governors of St. Thomas's Hospital, and the compulsory purchase of the institution, which that opposition necessitated. Much was also lost by the secret of the intended route of the line not being well kept by those then connected with the management of the South-Eastern Railway, so that property of little value before the railway came was purchased for a mere song, and resold to the company at an immense premium. These and other causes have swelled the original estimate for the construction of the line to a sum four times greater than was at first contemplated, and which, had it been foreseen at the time, would probably have made the shareholders very timid about embarking in it. But during the interval that has elapsed since it was begun the necessities of passenger traffic have developed themselves beyond all proportion to the length of the extension to Charing-cross; so that, judging it by the present standard of railway requirements, the line is regarded as positively a cheap one, and, like that to the Victoria station, certain to be highly remunerative. Though called by the general name of the Charing-cross line, this extension really embraces two distinct schemes—viz., the line from Charing-cross to London Bridge and the line from Charing-cross to Cannon-street. Yet, though legally distinct, they are practically one, and from the junction at the Borough Market, where the Cannon-street branch is to diverge across the Thames on a magnificent bridge, both run on the same viaducts to Charing-cross. The line leaves the London Bridge station by a rather sharp curve of little more than 500 ft. radius. This quick turn was introduced to propitiate the governors of St. Thomas's Hospital, and avoid, if possible, the necessity of buying that costly property. The curve, however, was made in vain, and it is now deeply to be regretted that one so sharp at such a point was ever decided upon. Two girder bridges of immense span and undeniable ugliness take it over the approach to London Bridge. A viaduct on iron columns carries it through the Borough Market, and thence the line is continued with scarcely any curves or inclines worth speaking of through the poor neighbourhoods lying between the Borough and Blackfriars, across Blackfriars-road, and parallel with Stamford-street to Waterloo-road, where it makes a junction with the South-Western station, which it enters by a single line of rails, and so practically brings that large system of lines to Charing-cross and hereafter to Cannon-street. From this it continues in almost a straight line across Stamford-street to Belvedere-road to what was once Hungerford Suspension Bridge, but which has now been converted, if not into the handsomest, at least into one of the strongest and most important, railway bridges over the Thames. On this line is taken over the site of Hungerford Market, which has been transformed into one of the most lofty and spacious stations ever built in the metropolis, and which will be without a rival till the station in Cannon-street is completed, which is to be larger and loftier again.

THE BRIDGE AND STATION AT HUNGERFORD.

The bridge at Hungerford has so many purposes to answer, so many difficulties to provide against, so many contrivances to eke out and opposite objects to fulfil, that it is probably the most arduous work of the kind that ever has or will be attempted across the Thames. It is a railway bridge double the width of any in the kingdom; a foot bridge twice as large as old Hungerford; nearly one third of the bridge is a main station; and, to crown all, though the structure is of iron, the brick piers of the old bridge had to be utilised in order to save cost. It is, in short, a bridge of compromises and contrivances, all met and arranged with so much skill that it discharges each duty as if built for that alone—is very cheap, enormously strong, and not nearly so ugly as railway bridges over rivers generally are. Under no circumstances could it have been made a very handsome bridge. The dead level at which it is carried, the supplementary footpaths at the side, the fan-shaped end, and brick piers, all tend to destroy anything like uniformity or regularity; and in the absence of such all-important requisites architectural beauty is out of the question. There is, however, a certain harmony and appropriateness in its simplicity and massive strength which will redeem the work from absolute ugliness.

The total length of the bridge from end to end is 1360 ft., its width between the main girders is 50 ft., and outside this there are two 7-ft. footways for passengers, making the total width 64 ft., with a clear headway above high water-mark of 25 ft.

Between the brick piers of the old structure the bridge is carried on cast-iron columns, with a span of 154 ft. between each opening. These columns have a diameter of 14 ft. at the base, which is forced down more than 30 ft. below the bed of the river, and many feet into the London clay. As these rise to near the surface of the bed of the river they diminish in

diameter to 10 ft., a size at which they are continued to the summit. All these are filled in with masonry up to the 14 ft. width, and thence with solid brickwork. One of them was steadily loaded with railway iron to a weight of 750 tons, under which enormous pressure on so small a surface the masonry was pressed together nearly 2 in., but beyond this no yield of any kind took place. Two such columns fastened together at the top with a powerful wrought-iron close girder carry the roadway in spans of 154 ft. The main girders which bear all the strain of the roadway in the long interval between each pair of columns are the powerful lattices of

wrought iron which may be seen now on each side of the bridge. The visitor who inspects these wonderful specimens of wrought-iron work will find that they consist, at top and bottom, of two trough-shaped girders, 14 ft. apart, the top one 4 ft. broad and the bottom, 3 ft., the uppermost one being stronger, as it has to resist the compressive strain, which is always more trying to wrought iron than tension, which is met by the bottom girder of 3 ft. broad. Though we have spoken of these as two, and 14 ft. apart, they are joined together and made in reality one immense girder of that depth by a latticework consisting of a series of struts and

ties, the struts to uphold against compression, the ties to resist tension—in plain terms, to meet thrust or pull in all parts of the structure. The struts vary from 12 in. wide and 3 in. thick to 6 in. wide and 2½ in. thick. They are all placed in pairs, and may be known at once by their being joined at the back with a powerful wrought-iron bracing, to prevent their buckling out under great pressure. The ties vary from 12 in. broad by 2½ in. thick to 6 in. broad by 2 in. thick, the greatest strength being given at the ends, where the strain of the leverage comes. Each of these pairs of girders, which carry the roadway between the columns, is, as

we have said, 154 ft. long, and the two are capable of bearing a load strain of 1500 tons, the greatest weight that could by any possibility be put upon them if the four lines of rails between them were loaded with tank engines and the footways outside thronged with people. Even with such a load the strain would only be at the rate of four tons per sectional inch at the top of the girder, and five tons at the bottom; a slight weight when we remember that the Britannia Bridge has a permanent strain of seven tons to the inch, and many wrought-iron bridges, both in France and America, have to do duty with nearly twice that load. The floor of the roadway



THE NEW CHARING-CROSS RAILWAY BRIDGE AT HUNGERFORD.

between these main girders is formed of a series of cross girders placed as close as 11 ft. apart. Each of these weighs nine tons, is 4 ft. deep, and equal to a load of 110 tons, though 77 tons is the greatest weight that could be placed upon them.

The foot-passenger traffic is provided for by carrying out two 7 ft. paths on each side supported on cantilever or iron brackets, which carry also a handsome wrought-iron railing. It is from the old Middlesex pier, however, that the great difficulties of the design commence, and a more awkward and unpromising corner to turn into a commodious railway station was

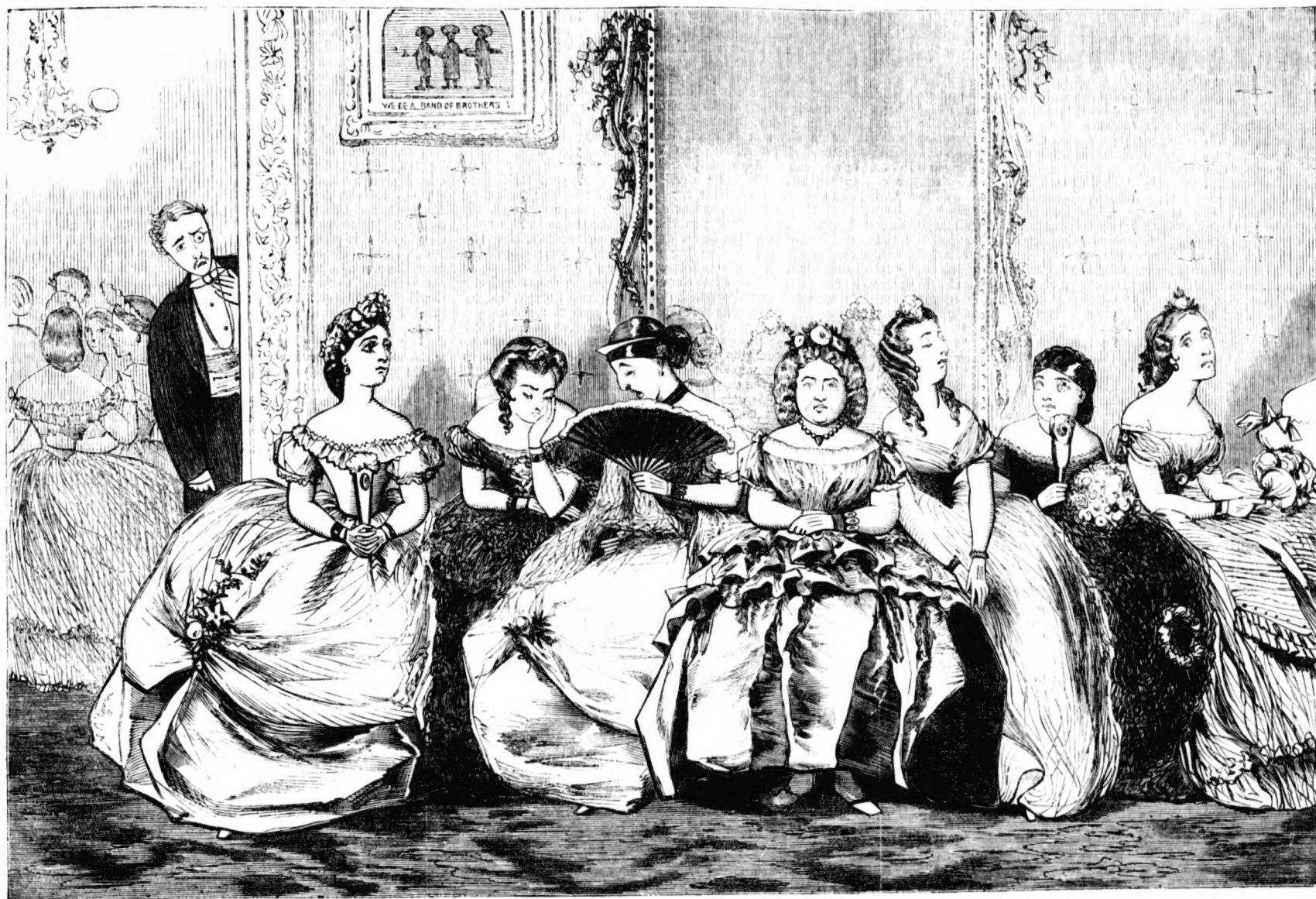
never given to an engineer. It was, of course, impossible to take the station into the Strand, and equally impossible to manage without a space equivalent to carrying the line as far; so no other alternative was left but to commence at once at the north pier, and, instead of continuing the bridge at a uniform width, to spread it out like a fan from that spot, widening as the work advanced, so as to attain its maximum dimensions long before this curious river terminus enters upon the ground of old Hungerford Market. To effect this difficult object a total change of plan takes place. The span is diminished from 154 ft. to 100 ft., but what is

reduced in the length of the span is gained in the width, which is increased to such an extent that cross girders for the floor can no longer be used, and these supports in this portion of the structure are replaced by longitudinal girders running in the direction of the bridge.

So rapidly does the fanlike spread of this end of the bridge develop itself that, though ten of these girders suffice to carry the roadway from the brick pier over the first 100 ft. of the span, no less than seventeen are required for the increasing breadth of the second span, and twenty-four for the third, which lands this end of the bridge, nearly 200 ft. wide, upon the perma-

nent brickwork of the great station at Hungerford. As a matter of course, the pairs of massive columns which carry the greater portion of the work across the river have to be largely increased in number under this wider end. To support the first spread of the fan there are seven, and for the second stage nine. The outermost of each of these groups of columns is 8 ft. in diameter; the inner ones are 6 ft. On the space thus gained there are two arrival and two departure platforms, and the interior of the station here is no less than 450 ft. long, by 100 ft. high, and 170 ft. wide—as we have already said, the largest and loftiest station yet built.

ENGLAND VERSUS AUSTRALIA.



PARTNERS HERE.

PARTNERS HERE AND PARTNERS THERE.

ALL good men—and, by the powers, they are scarce enough—delight in the society of ladies. The sweet ideas, the delicate sentiments, the affecting sympathies which emanate from their tender hearts, act with indescribable power on the pensive lobes of right-minded males.

Unfortunately, however, these good men are—as every good man

is sure to be—married; and although their society is, generally speaking, highly appreciated, yet, in the eyes of a fond mother with a large female family, their presence is of comparative unimportance in the world, for they are no longer of use in furthering the grand object of a prudent matron's ambition—the settling of a sweet and portionless lamb comfortably in life.

Woman's existence may be briefly summed up in one word—mar-

tyrdom. Her mission may be readily explained by two words—self-sacrifice. The end and aim of her being is to reclaim from the recklessness and depravity of the single state those abandoned youths who persist in the selfish amusements of bachelorship.

How unwholesome and debasing are the song-singing, tobacco-puffing, grog-drinking, story-telling gatherings of bachelors. I abominate the throaty minstrel who, at the wicked hour of two o'clock in the



PARTNERS THERE.—(DRAWN BY FLORENCE CLAXTON.)

morning, sings "Good-by, sweetheart, good-by!" a discordant wretch who fancies himself sentimental when he is merely duffed, a noisy tippler who is only tolerated by the simpletons around because they like to join in the chorus. What business has such a demon with any sweetheart at all? and more especially at the unreasonable hour of two in the morning. Most thoroughly, also, do I abhor the stupid, boasting stories that are told of young girls that are "awfully spooney" of the splendid creatures met with at fancy fairs and flower shows—of letters to be "left at the pastry-cook's" until called for from exquisite angels who write the most devoted rubbish, and which are, of course, handed round for inspection whilst the fortunate conqueror waits impatiently for his meed of praise.

It is an extraordinary fact—indeed, I feel half ashamed to publish it that the young men of the present day object to the society of amiable women. They prefer herding together and living in unrestrained freedom of low thought and coarse manners. The moral influence of a lady's presence interferes with the peculiar enjoyments to which they have become accustomed. I have heard them offer as an excuse for not accepting an invitation to a friend's house that there would surely be "a lot of women" in the place. The whole race is degenerated. The *soirée dansante* has changed to an evening at the Argyle Rooms; the "little music in the evening" is now understood to mean a visit to the music-hall; and no fellow in his senses would think of going anywhere unless smoking is allowed.

Yet, to the reflective mind, how delicious is the sensation of helplessness which overcomes the upright man who finds himself alone, a nervous, unprotected male, in the society of many ladies! He experiences that kind of bashfulness which I can imagine would overcome a schoolgirl suddenly transformed into a "Daughter of the Regiment." The array of petticoats frightens him. He is meek, helpless, and conquered. With one or two boys he could name to help him, how quickly he would turn the tables on his captors; how saucy they would then become, and how they would quiz and joke! But now he is pulverised into impalpable insignificance; he feels inclined to leap through the window like a rabid Harlequin, and fly homeward on the swift legs of Fear. The pretty creatures feel their power, and are full of giggling and mischief. They treat their prisoner with a patronising affability, as though trying to convince him that he will neither be hurt nor punished, if he is good. Just as they would coax a spaniel with cake, so they feed up this happy dog; and when he gains courage, poor wretch, and tames down to submission, they flatter, pet, tease, and, indeed, behave as boldly to him as a captain of dragoons while besieging a milliner. They can Rarefy the wickedest love-perjured wretch that ever existed; or they can humbug the best man that ever breathed, and keep him on the continual blush, "fiddling" with his fingers, or fidgeting in his chair like a charity boy during sermon time. He must, as they will it, dance a little dance, or sing a little song, and, in fact, go through all his performances until the unfortunate (yet, if a right-minded individual, happy) creature feels half inclined to ring the bell for the footman, and, appealing to one of his own sex, implore him to have mercy on a poor unprotected man in distress, and see him safely home to his friends.

The cry of the day—I mean the most absurd cry—is how to employ our overabundant female population. It is proposed to turn and twist them into printers, watchmakers, tailors, and checktakers—to shuffle them off, in fact, into men's work (at women's wages), to make them follow any and every calling but that true and noble one which nature intended should be theirs. This I can well understand. Their legitimate occupation has been taken from them; there are no homes to people and keep tidy; the supply of children greatly exceeds the demand; the restaurant and the tavern have extinguished our household fires; and, the calling of wife and mother is profitless and passing away. All that remains is for these poor women to retire from business, ruined as they are by the changes of the times as completely as the Coventry ribbon-weavers: beaus are no longer in fashion, and true-lovers-knots are never inquired after. But the crisis, I prophesy, is at hand; the day for signing judgment and issuing execution is drawing nigh, and a universal distress (with men only in possession) will degrade the land. The women, disgusted with the contempt they meet with and tired of persecution, will pack up their bonnet-boxes and be off to far distant shores; the happy country where love grows wild; the blessed land of promises—to marry. Then bad luck will rest on our houses, ay, as surely as if we had driven the rooks from their ancient tree-tops. England is not the only spot on earth where English is spoken. They court very fiercely, in perfectly intelligible Anglo-Saxon, over in Australia, and the women are sailing away by shiploads to listen to it. It is a long way to go; but, somehow or other, it is worth the going for, it being a business they understand far better than taking checks or tailoring, printing, or watchmaking.

Whilst I was in France one Isidore, a man (at least he looked like a man), used to make my bed, sweep my floors, and, in a general way, perform the same duties as those our Mary (housemaid) engages for in England. May the day come, and speedily, when Frederick has to go down on his knees and scrub the boards; when Thomas will thump the pillows and smooth the sheet, and Henry is caught blackleading the grate or sandpapering the bright poker.

It is a shameful and a cruel thing to reflect over, that beauty, which in any other land but this stupid England of ours would make men silly, should be allowed to pine and waste itself away in dull back parlours. One would think that there was no longer any "prides of the village," "belles of the season," or sweet faces fit to adorn a book of beauty, to be found in our island; while the truth is we swarm with loveliness which is to be had for the simple asking. Red whiskers may marry golden tresses; Red nose may lead to the altar a milk-white Grecian; Crook-back and Crook-legged may be as fortunate as Vulcan, and make Venus his bride. The hearts of men have turned to pith. They marry through the brain, and never allow their affections to interfere with business. They look after pretty fortunes, not pretty faces; they fall in love with handsome dowries and fine properties, and consider the performance before the altar merely as a safe and easy method of securing a title to an estate.

Let our forlorn sisters, who are wearing themselves down to threadpapers with five parties a week, and wasting their sweetness and other articles of the toilet on the desert drawing-room, reflect seriously before they squander their passage-money on another full-dress experiment. Surely, any tacked-together sort of a muslin skirt, looped up with any trumpery kind of cheap flower, is good enough for an evening passed on a rout-seat—some ten or twelve wearied martyrs all of a row, miserable and inanimate as winter sparrows on a housetop.

In a letter lately received from Australia, the following lively description of the state of love affairs in Melbourne is given by a young lady, who, without a penny to bless herself with, is beloved five deep, and has only to select the disposition, appearance, and fortune she considers will make her happy for life to reduce to the brink of despair four most excellent offers, in the prime of life, and rolling in wealth.

"Again, I repeat, and for the hundredth—the thousandth—time, again, and again, and again I repeat—come out here, and leave that stupid, conceited Old England to amuse herself with her stuck-up family pride and ridiculous etiquette nonsense. We are so dreadfully short of ladies, dearest, that the other night, at one of the most fashionable balls of the season, we were forced to call in the maid-servants to make up the quadrilles. Imagine, my pet, two gentlemen, each with their thousands, waltzing together through positive lack of girls. I have just heard that old Mr. Sweeney, a man, my dearest, so wealthy he would pay to melt down, proposed to, and was accepted by, my aunt's cook as they were going through the last figure of the Lancers. Just think! In your disgusting England he might have had a Countess. Oh, do! Oh, do! come out. You are only dawdling away valuable time, and encouraging grey hairs, and wrinkles, and goodness only knows what kinds of horrible judgments; and what for, my darling? Why, only to be the sport and joke of a set of monkeys who cannot breathe a vow without poisoning you with tobacco fumes. Talking of grey hairs and wrinkles, do you remember dear old Mrs. Garnish? Now there is an instance of true love, dearest. She was married only last

month to a handsome fellow young enough to be her grandson; and so enraptured was he with his conquest that the day before the wedding he presented her with a new set of the most beautiful false teeth. I must tell you about the ball given by the Governor a short time back. It was agreed, for the sake of the poor men, my pet, that the ladies should never dance with the same gentleman for longer than five minutes at a time. It was such fun! It put an end to all jealousy and quarrelling. Before supper I had three offers, and a fourth was, I am sure, on the point of proposing, but it was a *doux temps* love, and he was short of breath. After supper I was quite besieged, indeed—pestered—with suitors. I foresee the end: I shall be raffled for. The idea of wasting such blue eyes as yours on your London wolves and tigers puts me beyond patience. I was describing you to young Mr. Quicke (a beautiful brigand head, love, and a beard like a jungle), and he says he will have you directly if you will come out by the next ship, only he must know positively, because Mary Romney is waiting for his answer before she accepts Fred Fisher, and it would be highly unsatisfactory if he missed you both. If you accept him, dear, bring out a Howard plough with you for him, and a canary for me, and a bottle of Albert's dye (brown) for Louisa Akers, and the biggest crinoline for me—only remember it must be larger than Kate Badger's, and hers is bigger than a wigwag. It is but right that I should tell you that Mr. Quicke is in the wool trade, and a regular golden fleece, dear—so much money, love, the banks charge him for warehousing it. I am, of course, quite a queen in my way. The fellows follow me about like chickens waiting to be fed. My horror is lest there should be any duelling on my account; for you know, dearest, however flattered I might feel by such disinterested devotion, yet it is not a pleasant thing to have a corpse laid at one's door, and perhaps the very one you liked best. One fellow offered to settle a million sheep on me, and this has so disgusted me with mutton that the sight of a roasted leg almost makes me swear to remain single all my life. At this very moment, darling duck, one of the monkeys has sent his head clerk to wait for an answer. He is only a row of houses—in thorough repair and on long leases—though, and when one is pestered to death by thirty thousand acres and a fleet of clippers, why the choice resolves itself into a question of looks and temper; and I cannot but confess that the land and ships are quite as deserving as the tenements. But if you come here, love, you must expect these trials. Only a week since Ma and I were at Colonel Jumper's *soirée*, and happening, quite accidentally, dearest, to enter a salon filled with men, I was greeted with such a groaning demonstration that for the moment I fancied I was at a wild-beast show. Come as soon as you can, pet, and assist me to struggle against such fearful ordeals. Last week I was serenaded. A guitar has for months been hovering among the shrubs about the house. My pony has been three times taken from my carriage, and devoted admirers have pulled me home. If I were foolish enough to give locks of my hair away to every simpleton who begs for one, I should be as bald as a vulture. The dozens of gloves that are left for me have become such a perfect nuisance I must barrel them up and send them as cargo to England. You need not mind about bringing any jewellery or expensive dresses with you. All you will have to do is to look intently into the shop windows and sigh as if your heart would break, and next morning the brooch or Genoa velvet is sure to be on your dressing-table. Good-by, dearest darling! I am obliged to leave off this suddenly, for a highly respectable millionaire is in the hall threatening to blow his brains out unless I instantly consent to be his for life. Oh, dear! what shall I do? How vexing! when you would suit him, I am sure. I'll ask him to be a good man, and wait patiently for the next packet."

"Yours, dearest darling pet, ANGELINA."

"N.B.—A dreadful wreck! All hands lost except the stewardess. She, foolish woman, accepted the pilot, who was just in time to save her. The merchants are in a dreadful rage, and have resolved, in full meeting, never to employ the vagabond again. A.M."

SCOTLAND.

AN IMPORTANT UNDERTAKING.—Among the numerous Parliamentary notices this season the most remarkable is one for the construction of a railway bridge across the Forth, as a means of facilitating the traffic between the eastern lowlands and the north of Scotland. The point at which this immense structure will be erected is about four miles up the river above Queensferry, and will be carried across at a height sufficient to allow vessels of an average size to pass under. The bridge will be built on about fifty piers, and will almost equal in length the famous Victoria Bridge on the St. Lawrence, though the cost will probably not exceed half a million. About three years will be required for the completion of the work.

SINGULAR CARRIAGE ACCIDENT.—On Saturday morning last a pair of horses, drawing a covered wagonette, were being driven in Maxwell-street, Glasgow, when they were startled by the smack of a carman's whip, which made them quite unmanageable and set them galloping down the street towards the river. On the way the carriage came into collision with one of the iron pillars supporting the chains which run along the quays. The vehicle spun round, and the horses broke away, carrying with them the traces and the splinter-board. The driver, still holding the reins, was dragged over the splash-board of the carriage. He did not relinquish his grasp till the horses had got within a yard or two of the river's brink, when they plunged into the water, where they were drowned in two or three minutes. The driver did not sustain any serious injury from the occurrence.

THE PROVINCES.

FATAL COLLIERY ACCIDENT.—A shocking colliery accident occurred on Monday morning at a coal-pit, in the neighbourhood of Masborough. The men assembled at the shaft at the usual hour in the morning, and proceeded down the pit in parties of half a dozen at a time. The vehicle by which they descended was a frame or "cage," which was suspended by six chains from a hook that was attached to the lowering rope. Several parties had gone down in safety; but when one batch was about half way down the shaft the cage, from some cause, tipped up at one end and the inmates were shot out and precipitated to the bottom, where they were dashed to pieces.

THE DISTRESS IN THE NORTH.—Mr. Farnall's report, read at the last meeting of the Central Committee, in Manchester, stated that "on the 21st inst. there was an increase in the number of persons receiving parochial relief in twenty-seven unions in the cotton-manufacturing districts, as compared with the number so relieved in the previous week, of 863. There were, on the 21st inst., 129,444 persons receiving parochial relief in the twenty-seven unions adverted to; in the corresponding week of 1861, 53,206 persons were so relieved. There is, therefore, an increase of 76,238 persons in the receipt of parochial relief, or 143·3 per cent."

DISCONTENT AMONG THE MANCHESTER OPERATIVES.—On Monday a demonstration of distressed operatives took place at Manchester, the object being apparently to protest against the hard measures of the poor-law guardians. Placards distributed throughout Manchester on Saturday announced the intended demonstration, declaring that "not to give to the poor was to take from him, not to feed him to the utmost of one's power was to kill him," and exhorting all to be charitable in order to avoid both sacrilege and murder. The procession, which assembled at the appointed place, numbered at first between thirty and forty, but the crowd gradually increased to upwards of 300. They were addressed by a man John Yates Knight, whose signature was attached to the placard. He said it was true that there were hundreds that very day who were in a state of literal starvation, from the meagre allowance of the board of guardians. The Government of the country had grown rich out of their industry, and when convinced that the people could not provide for themselves, they had offered them resources; but the board of guardians and the town authorities stood between the poor and the privileges the Government offered to them; and they did so because they belonged to a faction in Manchester who wanted to reduce the price of labour, and to bring the labourers to a state of degradation and submission to their employers beyond what would enable them to sustain life. The procession, which gradually increased in numbers, reached the Townhall, where the Mayor, in answer to a deputation who represented their grievances, said that it was a work of time to place the Public Works Act in operation, and they had no power over the guardians. The procession then returned, and the result was a determination to hold a meeting some future day.

SUSPECTED MURDER OF A CIVIL ENGINEER.—A private soldier in the 14th Hussars, of the name of De Carx, has been apprehended at Manchester on a charge of being concerned in the murder of a Mr. Driscoll, an engineer, who had come to London to make arrangements for lighting the town of Corunna with gas. He was found some time ago in the river Lea, and £18 in gold, which he was known to have with him at the time, was missing. There was also found a military glove, which has since been ascertained to belong to De Carx. The soldier admits that he was in Driscoll's company on the evening before the murder; but he gives an account of the circumstances under which they parted that the police are taking steps to verify.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 347.)

CHAPTER XIV.

Why should Lady Bexteyrmon have been so much disconcerted by her daughter's announcement of what had taken place at Lady Ingatestone's ball? She had been fully aware that it was costing Helen a painful effort to "get over" her feelings towards Mr. Strensal, and she had a real sympathy for Helen's troubles; nevertheless, she had made up her maternal mind that they were to be "got over." Not only had her original opinion—that Strensal was a man in whom the marrying virtues were feebly developed, and whose phlegmatic constitution the infection of the tender passion was unlikely to assail in any very ardent form—been strengthened by his readiness in yielding to her first demonstrations of discouragement; but she had made up her mind that he had never had any serious intentions. That candid but circumspect matron, Lady Malapert, had lately whispered to her a vague rumour of indefinite obstacles which prevented Strensal from marrying at all: a question as to the validity of his father's marriage with Lady Matilda—a hint of a previous left-handed connection, not exactly provable, nor absolutely disprovable—something better not stirred, but sufficient to form the basis of a tacit understanding with the next heir that he should hold the property for life but not provide himself with descendants.

Lady Malapert professed to have suffered some alarm for her own darling Vulpinia, to whom he had been rather attentive. They had met him at her dear friend Lady Luptesley's. The Hon. Vulpinia, by-the-way, was a weaselly little girl, with eyes rather near together, and fiery auburn hair.

If Lady Bexteyrmon had been anxious to secure Strensal for a son-in-law she would not have taken much notice of suggestions, which she would have attributed to an amiable disposition to put her out of conceit with her daughter's prospects. But the rumour fell in with her own bias against the marriage, and became the keystone of her objection as well as the foundation of her assurance that there was nothing serious in his intentions.

She conceived that Helen had made the mistake of investing him with high sentimental aspirations out of her own lively imagination, because he happened to be tall, handsome, and intelligent, and because he had shown signs (delusive as they now seemed likely to prove) of making a figure in public life.

She expected that, as Helen gradually convinced herself that he cared very little about her, the temporary infatuation would dissolve itself into thin air. She had carefully made her engagements for the recess, so as to run as little chance as possible of meeting him in country houses. The season was nearly over, and she trusted that by next February the difficulty would have disappeared. Therefore it was that when she found all her previsions routed by this unexpected rally she naturally felt that a march had been stolen on her maternal tactics, and received Helen's announcement with the unpromising exclamation recorded at the close of Chapter XII.

Lady Helen was surprised at such abrupt dismay and manifest disappointment, remembering her mother's words on a previous occasion; but she was too full of the new confidence of mutual love to feel the want of her mother's sympathy so acutely as she would have done in a time of doubt and despondency. Perhaps her mother felt that she had spoken harshly, and perhaps if Helen had shown signs of being cut to the quick her heart would have relented.

But Helen, not easily disheartened in the joyous assurance of being loved by him whose love was to be all in all to her, replied cheerfully, "Oh, yes, dearest mother, he will give his consent, and you, dear, you will persuade him to give his consent when you get to know how happy this love makes me! My heart tells me it will be all right. Nothing now can prevent me from knowing that he loves me, and he knows that I love him. Oh, mamma, you never knew how wretched I have been, or you would be delighted instead of thunderstruck to see how happy—more than happy—I am in the knowledge of his love. I hardly understand how I ever doubted it."

A pang of maternal jealousy rankled in the mother's breast. There is a hard sense of bereavement in the weaning process by which a mother finds the child of her bosom severed from her long-paramount influence—as the prime source of sympathy, solace, and counsel—at the awakening in an only daughter's soul of a stronger sentiment than filial affection. "I thought, dearest, that you had nearly recovered from that illusion about the imaginary depths of his passion. I am sure he has behaved very coolly for a long while, and I scarcely understand your hasty unconditional surrender at the first word. It must have given him the impression that you have been languishing for him all along; and when in a weak moment he takes pity on your disconsolate forlornness you throw yourself into his arms with an eagerness that scarcely shows a proper pride. I think you might have done better to receive his tardy avowal with a little more reserve, and have left a little more room for the discretion of your parents. I hope and trust it may end well, but I cannot say I think it has been discreetly begun. You do not know what grave—nay, I think, insuperable—objections there are."

If Helen had been in doubt as to the seriousness and energy of her lover's regard for her, this reproach would have hurt her much more than it did. Her mother expected her to break down under it, and was prepared for tears and lamentation; but Helen replied firmly, "You do us both injustice, mother. His love is no lukewarm compassion, but as earnest and noble love as any woman could wish to win. Nor can I accuse myself of languishing disconsolate airs. Nay, it seems I succeeded so well in pretending to be gay when I was sad, that even my own mother never understood how wretched I have felt; for I almost deceived myself, and never thoroughly measured the depth and blackness of my misery till I look back upon it like a cloud out of which I have come into this sunshine."

Lady Bexteyrmon felt herself to be injured and ignored by the independence of her daughter's happiness; and yet at the same time she had a yearning to take the wilful child to her breast and weep over her and wish her all joy. Between these opposite poles of maternal sentiment she was suspended by the uncertainty as to what course she would have to adopt after the affair had been laid before her husband. A painful constraint fell between them, and both mother and daughter were oppressed by an uneasy consciousness of having become strangers.

Next morning, Lord Bexteyrmon no sooner heard of it than he declared most positively that he would not hear of it. Nevertheless, he did hear of it, both from his wife and from Helen, who meekly but firmly pleaded the irrevocable confession of mutual love which no human power could touch. "You may never let me see him again; but when you forbid me to love him you might as well forbid me to breathe."

Her father was inexorable. Though stern and selfish when his will was thwarted, he had been an easy, indulgent, and rather affectionate parent as regards all the smaller demonstrations of parental pride and fondness, which demand no sacrifices. He had not spoken out all his displeasure on Swelchester's dismissal, conceiving that her rejection of so good an offer could only have arisen from a temporary freak of girlish caprice which would be more likely to come round without parental coercion. He was not insensible to the éclat derivable from the evidence this preliminary backwardness afforded of there being no too eager desire on their side to secure the Duke's heir; but he had been fully persuaded that it would come on again, pooh-poohing his wife's apprehensions to the contrary.

"The young man is in earnest, and does not console himself," he was accustomed to say, "and no girl can go on very long resisting the prospect of being a Duchess."

However, his eyes were opened now to the true state of the case. There was a solid impediment to be cleared away. He determined to try the effect of trenchant measures. His indignation at his daughter's indiscretion was aggravated by an impending fit of the gout, and he spoke to her with a harsh roughness which mistook violence for force and tyranny for authority.

"Helen, you have to learn that there is a limit to parental indulgence; you have been so accustomed by your mother's injudicious kindness to have your own way in everything that you think the most serious affairs of life are to yield to the whims and fancies of a spoiled child. Do you know that nearly two millions of property, which I can do what I like with, depend on your marrying with some reference to my wishes? If you had accepted Swelchester, like a sensible girl, everything would have been right. The succession of the estates would have been settled on the second son of your marriage; and a remainder clause appended to the patent to have my earldom descend with the property. Truckleborough was quite ready to agree to the arrangement, and Girandole said there would be no difficulty. All that arrangement—which was most satisfactory to me, and which was full of collateral significance, as strengthening my political position—you threw over in your headstrong wilfulness, in spite of all that I and your mother could say to you. And now you want to throw yourself away, without even so much as consulting our wishes before you commit yourself to a great hulking numbskull, as wrong-headed, proud, obstinate, and impracticable as you could have picked out of the three kingdoms. Since we were destined to disagree on this point, it is as well that you should have selected a son-in-law for me to whom I totally and finally object. When he comes to demand your hand—as I have no doubt he will, taking it for granted that your consent has given him an absolute, indefeasible right to you—he will find his mistake; and you, too, when you have gone through the ceremony of breaking your wilful heart at leisure, will find your mistake, and be a little more reasonable for the future. I shall give him a most distinct, peremptory, and final negative, and we will wait and see how long your irrevocable covenant holds good. Plenty of headstrong girls and boys have sworn eternal love before you were born, and it is practically found that a few months of absence is a perfect cure. All this sort of thing comes of too tender treatment. Modern lights treat the ordinary human emotions as something stupendous. Your mother was afraid of your intractable spirit breaking out into some extravagance—as if it was not better to let a child, that is in the humour to cry for the moon, cry itself to sleep. Why don't you cry? I shall not be afraid of your going into convulsions. Many of us have disappointments in life. Here is yours. Take it and bear it. Cry over it as much as you please, and the harder you cry the sooner you will get over it."

Helen shed no tears. She had never been spoken to in this hard, unfeeling tone before.

The only effect of his harangue was to convince Lady Helen that her father cared nothing for her happiness, and meant to use her merely as an available instrument for the furtherance of his selfish ends. She was too much shocked to weep. A deadly chill seemed closing round her heart. The harsh voice grew indistinct in her ears; the angry face faded before her eyes, and when, feeling so sick and giddy that she could bear it no more, she attempted to rise and leave him, her knees failed her, and she slid down flat on the floor and lay there at her father's feet in a deathlike swoon.

She had not closed her eyes during the whole of the previous night, and the exhausting wear and tear of conflicting emotions had very ill prepared her nervous system for this rude ordeal. Her mother's uncomfortable behaviour recurring to her again and again during the feverish vigils of the night, took more hold on her in the darkness and the silence that gave her leisure to remember all the long arrears of kindness and solicitude which brought out in such painful contrast this new estrangement of heart—this unexpected repugnance to her happiness.

But in the midst of her anxiety and grief at the thought of forfeiting her mother's approval and affection, the tumultuous joy of being loved surged against all obstacles and drawbacks, like a mountain torrent broken into foam and tortured into whirling eddies by sharp masses of rock, which may divert its course and chafe its waters into frenzy, but cannot diminish by a single drop the rolling flood that flows from the perennial sources of the hills.

After such a night it taxed her powers of self-control to the utmost to comport herself with apparent serenity in the interview with her father, which she had been led to expect would be a very discouraging one. She maintained, with great effort, her calm and submissive manner, and expressed herself in a language and manner which drew a touching eloquence from the resolutely suppressed emotion labouring beneath the reticence of her simple but earnest appeal.

Her words, however, would have gone for nothing, if nature had not come to her aid by demonstrating the extent of her suffering and the limit of her strength by an outward and visible argument, in the presence of which paternal anger was impotent.

When Lady Bexteymont came to the rescue she gave her lord a look of reproachful meaning, in which he saw that the "trenchant measures" he had insisted on were pronounced by the logic of facts to have failed most signally. The sight of her darling's white, inanimate face, on which the impress of pain remained though consciousness had ebbed away, was enough to send the last straggling detachment of worldly considerations flying. "We will have no more of these experiments," that reproachful look said plainer than words could speak; and Lord Bexteymont knew that his wife's wavering support was withdrawn from his line of policy, and that she had gone over bodily to the other side.

He had been very resolute five minutes before, and had asserted that there was nothing so terribly stupendous in human emotions as modern philosophy pretended to discover. If he reckoned paternal indignation and the violence of despotic authority as ordinary human emotions, he, perhaps, afforded an illustration of his theory; for his daughter's fainting fit and his wife's glance had reduced him to a meekness of moral discomfiture in which a lady's-maid might have made him stand and deliver with the snap of a double-barrelled smelling-bottle, or waved him away into space with the flutter of a pocket-handkerchief.

Lady Helen recovered from her swoon, but was weak and nervous, had a few hysterical attacks and a sharp little fever, in which she was lightheaded. In short, she caused her mother a good deal of reasonable anxiety.

Lady Bexteymont had unquestionable evidence during those trying days to assure her how deeply rooted was this love which she had been induced at first to consider rather as a caprice of the intellect than a passion of the heart.

The fair average mother only requires to be thoroughly convinced that her daughter loves with her whole heart, and with her eyes open to the genuine character of the man she loves, in order to take her part warmly. The heartless behaviour often attributed to the fashionable matron usually arises from her sincere belief that her daughter's love is founded on a mistake as to the lover's real character, which, indeed, is too often the case. Fashionable matrons, with all their experience, will themselves, now and then, make a mistake on the other side when their ambition militates against facile conviction of true merit. But once let a tolerable specimen of the British mother believe thoroughly in the genuineness of her daughter's affection for a genuine man, and her motherly kindness gets the better of her worldly ambition long before there is any danger of her doting child dying of love.

Before Helen's illness was over—and the good understanding conducted to get it over quickly—Helen and her mother were on the best terms again. It was understood that the best was to be made of it. Lord Bexteymont was persuaded that it would not do to be inexorable when Strensal should present himself to ask his consent.

In the meantime, it became a new source of perplexity to all concerned what in the world had come of him. Nearly a week had elapsed, and he neither came nor wrote. Helen had no doubts of him; but her mother thought it very strange.

CHAPTER XV.

Lady De Vergund found the rogue Macfarlane rather improve on acquaintance. The ready money she had furnished enabled him to clothe and lodge himself respectably; and with the decencies of glossy broadcloth, careful shaving, and clean linen, a sort of smug professional amenity of manner overlaid the hangdog, suspicious

ferocity which gave but little promise of satisfactory results in the first conference.

He showed considerable acuteness and business-like capacity in drawing up a scheme on paper of the amount and sort of evidence which would be required to set up a plausibly litigable claim. In the first place, they must have a woman to represent Janet. She must be of the right age, be a Scotchwoman, have traces of beauty, and be sufficiently like Janet to prevent persons who had known the real Janet from swearing that this was a different person. Such a woman he believed he could supply. A sister of his own, who had a strong family likeness to Janet, married soon after Janet went to Australia, and had lived ever since in Belfast. She had lost her husband and fallen into poverty about the time of the affair which led to his crossing the water. He had written to her, and ascertained she was still living. She would be much safer than a stranger, and, besides, knew the early part of Janet's history of her own knowledge. He had written to her a few days back pressing her to come over on important business. She would want about fifty pounds to pay her debts and get over to Scotland.

Then came the substantiation of marital life and public acknowledgment. Persons might be got to swear that they lived together as man and wife at Rothsay; but these persons must be proved to have been inhabitants of Rothsay at the period, and there would be plenty of evidence obtainable by the defence that Arthur Strensal there went by an assumed name, which virtually vitiated the acknowledgment. If some decayed brother officer who had been in the regiment at the time could be found and bought over with a handsome bribe to swear that Arthur had introduced Janet to friends of his own rank and standing as his wife, that would prove something; but to find such a witness would be a delicate job; it was dangerous to attempt to tamper with witnesses in the rank of gentlemen, who might very probably not only refuse to listen to temptation, but blow up the whole case.

As to raising a pretence of any sort of solemnisation of marriage having taken place, no such pretence had been nor could have been maintained before, as it would have been perfectly easy during Arthur's lifetime to disprove it.

Who was to know what had taken place then? Were not all the parties to the transaction dead except Macfarlane himself?

No! There was a barrister of the name of Crutchley. Old Mr. Strensal had put him into Parliament for a borough that belonged to the family before the Reform Bill. This Crutchley was called in as a friend by Mr. Strensal; and if it had not been for him a much better bargain might have been made. It appeared by the last *Law List* that Crutchley was still alive, though he must be nearer eighty than seventy; and till his death no divergence from the original story could be ventured on. Indeed, in anything public Crutchley's evidence would probably break down the whole affair. There was a better, a safer, and a much quicker method.

"What was it?"

"Why, this. In all cases of delicacy—that is to say, when the right and reason of the case are not clearly in your favour down to the bottom—the first principle of prudence is to attempt no more than just as much as will serve your purpose. Now, what I wanted was only to bring to bear enough evidence of a doubtful transaction having taken place to persuade Mr. Strensal that it was worth his while to hand over to me the £6000 which will be remitted by the next Australian mail. The solid fact of the remittance itself would make him listen to me; and I could alarm him quite enough to make it worth his while to keep me quiet without incurring myself with any accomplices, who, of course, would want to share the profits. What you want goes a step further. For reasons which do not concern me, you desire to stop his marriage, and you want a public scandal to do it. My experience tells me that the fear of public scandal is the only shelter under which the job can be done safely. Instead of going to Mr. Strensal, of Thorskelf (as I should do on my own behalf), to carry out your views, I go to the next heir. I give him all the knowledge I have, and colour it as highly with fictitious additions as I dare; for he must not have the impression that he could out the present possessor by a summary process of law. I show him that he has an equitable, though probably not a recoverable, right, which it would be so disagreeable to all parties concerned to have ventilated, that the best method is a compromise by which the possessor is guaranteed from disturbance during his lifetime, on covenanting not to contract marriage. In this transaction, which is more difficult because it deals with two parties instead of one, a more tangible case must be made out, and I should have at least to produce the claimant of prior marriage. I loosen my hold on the possessor by having already done that which it was most worth his while to prevent me from doing. The claims of the next heir and those of the woman are deductions from what I might otherwise make out of his fears. I should look to you to make that less good to me. You have made me very handsome offers; but I do not know who you are."

This, of course, opened the difficult question of mutual confidence. If she declined to trust him with the knowledge of her identity how was he to be sure of his remuneration for increasing the danger and complication of his scheme, and sacrificing some part of his pecuniary interest in it to suit her views? Would it suit her better to trust him with the secret of her incognito, and let him trust her to reward him for results; or to hand over the money beforehand, and trust him to carry out her views to the best of his ability? The stress of his argument pointed to the former alternative. He recommended her to quit her masquerading and return to her place in society, where she would be much better able to watch how the affair was progressing in its social aspect, and leave him to work the undercurrent, supplying him from time to time with resources and stipulating a final bonus when her objects should be satisfactorily obtained.

Lady De Vergund's main dread was of her identity being discovered, and she gave Macfarlane to understand that nothing would tempt her to disclose who she was, and that she had taken the most effectual measures to conceal her journey to Scotland from every soul who knew her. She reminded him that they were not treating on equal terms. She was voluntarily supplying him with funds which were a material guarantee of good faith. If he made difficulties, she might withdraw from the affair altogether. He was a returned convict; was it reasonable to expect her to repose a blind confidence in him? If she gave him a large sum of money down, he might with perfect safety disregard her objects. No! She was there to see the case prepared, to judge of the capabilities of the evidence he could procure; she was willing to defray the expenses of preparation as they progressed; but for the final sum he must trust her till the thing was done.

Macfarlane submissively admitted the justice of some of these suggestions, but urged that before he could definitively modify his own views to accommodate hers he must at least be convinced that she had the means to remunerate him. Who was her banker in Glasgow, that he might satisfy himself of the strength of her resources?

On this one of the square portmanteaus was unlocked, and, a false bottom being removed, about an inch deep of the whole area was laid flat with masses of five, ten, and twenty pound Bank of England, and 500*l.* and 1000*l.* Bank of France, notes.

The fifty pounds required for Macfarlane's sister he was told to take out of that reservoir of wealth at random, and he would be able to verify the fact that the notes were genuine.

He seemed greatly impressed with the sight of this hoard, and professed himself perfectly satisfied. The same evening he bought a large bottle of chloroform, a few sheets of cotton wool, three yards of stout, close-woven canvas, and half a pound of white wax. He cut the canvas into two lengths, sewed it firmly down the middle, prepared it with the wax so as to make it air-tight, cut it into a circle, and ran two strong small cords through holes pierced in the circumference, so that it was capable of being drawn into a bag like a German tobacco-pouch. The cotton-wool sheets were attached to the inside.

A day or two after this, Macfarlane brought a letter with the Belfast postmark, in which his sister announced that she would start by the next steamer for Greenock. What did M. Dupont think? would it be better to bring her on to Glasgow or to keep her at

Greenock, and make their arrangements with her there? The latter proposition was preferred. Macfarlane went down to Greenock to meet the Belfast steamer, and on his return announced that he had settled his sister there in a lodging, under the name of Mrs. Alexander Robertson. He had opened the nature of the business on which she was wanted to her, and she was willing to undertake it. It would require a few days, however, to put her thoroughly up to her part.

M. Dupont was eager to make progress. The Australian mail would be in now in a week or so—the mail which would leave Sydney a fortnight or three weeks after the unclaimed half-yearly payment would have fallen due. The conditions for the immediate remission of the capital sum had been made extremely stringent and peremptory, and it could be calculated on. Till its remittance Mr. Strensal was not likely to be amenable to reason, but the sooner after its arrival the better.

M. Dupont and Macfarlane arrived at Greenock one morning at eleven o'clock. The black portmanteaus were in the carriage with them. Would M. Dupont go to the Stewart Arms or the Ardgowan Hotel; both were snug commercial establishments?

M. Dupont did not know the hotels of Greenock, and seemed doubtful of lodging himself on Mr. Macfarlane's recommendation.

Would he prefer to walk through the town and himself select a hostelry? That would suit M. Dupont better. The black portmanteaus were carefully deposited in the luggage-room and some attention paid to seeing that the luggage-ticket was accurately numbered.

The day was warm and bright as they walked out of the station and sauntered through the maritime bustle of the thriving but unsavoury port. There was no breeze, and the midday glare brought out the full force of smothering odours, in which tar, tallow, harbour mud, garlic, and oakum seemed dryly simmering and sending up a drouthy vapour of yellow dust, that tumbled and tossed in the thickened sunshine above as bales and packages flapped and crashed out of trucks on to the pavement and were bundled down slopes into cellars or hoisted on clanking cranes into warehouse-lofts.

They did not pass any very inviting-looking hostleries, for Macfarlane led the way by riverside streets and quays.

Having passed across the commercial frontage of the town, he said they were now within five minutes' walk of his sister's lodging; and a little beyond that there was the Marine Hotel, which was out of the bustle and smother of the town, near a muddy beach of the estuary, where there was a pretence of sea-bathing. It was not a commercial house, but it might be pretty comfortable, and would be near at hand.

The houses along the beach had by this time begun to straggle a little and grow irregular in size. There were a few trees, and here and there a shabby garden or so. There were nets hanging out to dry on the shingle, and a few boats. The street, more or less, had become a road. Some of the houses stood on the land side and some on the water side, but not much of the road had houses on both sides. The houses with gardens in front seemed to have fallen back a little inland, and the houses with signs of fishing to have stepped forward on to the shingle. The Marine Hotel could be seen, heading a projection of the curved shore, a few hundred yards further on, when Macfarlane pointed out the house where he had lodged his sister.

It was on the shingle side of the road, and looked like a fisherman's house that had grown a little, in order to take in lodgers. There was a card with "Apartments to let" in the window. The door was ajar—an ordinary green door, with a shallow trellis porch, up one side of which grew an unprosperous-looking honeysuckle; on the other side still clung the remains of some other creeper, dead and dried up beyond recognition.

"Would M. Dupont go on and inspect the accommodation at the Marine Hotel, or see Mrs. Robertson in passing?"

M. Dupont would have nothing to do with the Marine Hotel. He preferred the first they had passed after leaving the station.

"What's that?" cried a shrill female voice from up stairs, as they entered between the dead creeper and the dying honeysuckle.

"Is Mistress Robison within?" said Macfarlane.

"Is it yourself, Sir?" said the woman; and she knocked at a door and cried as audibly as before, "Mrs. Robison! here's your kinsman till ye!" and, after waiting a moment for a reply, came down stairs, saying, "She'll be doon till ye, Sirs, presently." Reaching the foot of the stairs, which was close to the front door, she shut it. "Step in till the parlour, gentles! That's no it—it's just the kitchen," she said, leading on along the passage and opening the door of a room at the other side of the house, as Macfarlane, who followed next, made way politely for M. Dupont to pass in. As the door opened there was nothing particular to see; but a powerful and pungent smell, like the chemicals of photography, startled M. Dupont's nostrils. In the same moment his arms were pinioned from behind, he was pushed forward into the room, and, almost before there was time to cry out, a man from behind the door had the air-tight bag, lined with cotton wool saturated with chloroform, over his head and shoulders; the cords were drawn tight round the elbows; a few stifled attempts to shriek, a few convulsive gasps, and M. Dupont was lying on his back, perfectly tranquil; a pillow was placed on his breast, and the heaviest of the party sat upon this for fifteen minutes by Macfarlane's watch.

That night a beautiful corpse, clad in poverty-stricken clothes of no describable pattern, with a few pounds' weight of shingle tied up in front of the ragged petticoat, was rowed out a few hundred yards from shore and committed to the scour of the ebb tide. The weight of pebbles was enough to keep it from floating on the surface, but not enough to prevent it drifting lightly along the slimy bed of the estuary.

When decomposition began to evolve the gases, in a day or two it floated up, and was found off Largs. There were no signs of violence on the body. It was accurately described in the papers. It was conjectured to have been a case of suicide by some one who had known better days and fallen into destitution. The hair had been cropped close; probably that was the last property the poor creature had to sell.

The people of the house in which the doubly supposititious Mrs. Robertson had been figured to reside had all the personality except the keys and the luggage-ticket; that was Macfarlane's share of the booty. He and the black portmanteaus shortly arrived in London, where, taking his ease in his inn, he investigated their contents, and was rather startled when he discovered that his victim had been no less a person than the Marchioness De Vergund. But that was nothing to the shock it caused him to find, instead of the greater part of the bank-notes, a now cheque-book, and an acknowledgment from a Glasgow bank of a deposit by M. Dupont of four thousand odd hundred pounds.

After having shown her resources to Macfarlane, some qualm of caution had led Lady De Vergund to take this step, and his own inquiry suggested that it was safer to keep her cash at a banker's. That deposit was a dead loss. Macfarlane only cleared a few hundred pounds. He must fall back on the Strensal speculation. The days which had to elapse before the arrival of the Australian mail seemed like centuries to him. If he could only get hold of that £6000 he would not imperil himself by any attempt to meddle with the unlucky deposit in the Glasgow Bank, but be off to America like a shot. The mail arrived on the day of Lady Ingestone's ball.

(To be continued.)

NEW RAILWAY BILLS.—There were 304 railway schemes deposited on Monday. The fee on a deposit at the Private Bill Office of every document is £5, and £5 a day to the examiners to ascertain whether there has been a compliance with the standing orders. On each reading there is a fee of £15, and a similar fee on the report. The fees are increased on the amount proposed to be raised. In the next Session the fees will be very considerable, and the Bar will reap a good harvest. Among the reforms recommended by the late Select Committee on the subject the fees of the House and of counsel were declared to be too high. It is understood that the alterations proposed will not be carried out in the next Session. The forthcoming Session is expected to be the busiest one since the year 1847, when railway projects were very numerous.

morning, sings "Good-by, sweetheart, good-by!" a discordant wretch who fancies himself sentimental when he is merely fuddled, a noisy tippler who is only tolerated by the simpletons around because they like to join in the chorus. What business has such a demon with any sweetheart at all? and more especially at the unreasonable hour of two in the morning. Most thoroughly, also, do I abhor the stupid, boasting stories that are told of young girls that are "awfully spooney"—of the splendid creatures met with at fancy fairs and flower shows—of letters to be "left at the pastry-cook's" until called for from exquisite angels who write the most devoted rubbish, and which are, of course, handed round for inspection whilst the fortunate conqueror waits impatiently for his meed of praise.

It is an extraordinary fact—indeed, I feel half ashamed to publish it that the young men of the present day object to the society of amiable women. They prefer herding together and living in unrestrained freedom of low thought and coarse manners. The moral influence of a lady's presence interferes with the peculiar enjoyments to which they have become accustomed. I have heard them offer as an excuse for not accepting an invitation to a friend's house that there would surely be "a lot of women" in the place. The whole race is degenerated. The *soirée dansante* has changed to an evening at the Argyle Rooms; the "little music in the evening" is now understood to mean a visit to the music-hall; and no fellow in his senses would think of going anywhere unless smoking is allowed.

Yet, to the reflective mind, how delicious is the sensation of helplessness which overcomes the upright man who finds himself alone, a nervous, unprotected male, in the society of many ladies! He experiences that kind of bashfulness which I can imagine would overcome a schoolgirl suddenly transformed into a "Daughter of the Regiment." The array of petticoats frightens him. He is meek, helpless, and conquered. With one or two boys he could name to help him, how quickly he would turn the tables on his captors; how saucy they would then become, and how they would quiz and joke! But now he is pulverised into impalpable insignificance; he feels inclined to leap through the window like a rabid Harlequin, and fly homewards on the swift legs of Fear. The pretty creatures feel their power, and are full of giggling and mischief. They treat their prisoner with a patronising affability, as though trying to convince him that he will neither be hurt nor punished, if he is good. Just as they would coax a spaniel with cake, so they feed up this happy dog; and when he gains courage, poor wretch, and tames down to submission, they flatter, pet, tease, and, indeed, behave as boldly to him as a captain of dragoons while besieging a milliner. They can barely the wickedest love-perjured wretch that ever existed; or they can humbug the best man that ever breathed, and keep him on the continual blush, "fiddling" with his fingers, or fidgeting in his chair like a charity boy during sermon time. He must, as they will it, dance a little dance, or sing a little song, and, in fact, go through all his performances until the unfortunate (yet, if a right-minded individual, happy) creature feels half inclined to ring the bell for the footman, and, appealing to one of his own sex, implore him to have mercy on a poor unprotected man in distress, and see him safely home to his friends.

The cry of the day—I mean the most absurd cry—is how to employ our overabundant female population. It is proposed to turn and twist them into printers, watchmakers, tailors, and cheetmakers—to shuffle them off, in fact, into men's work (at women's wages), to make them follow any and every calling but that true and noble one which nature intended should be theirs. This I can well understand. Their legitimate occupation has been taken from them; there are no homes to people and keep tidy; the supply of children greatly exceeds the demand; the restaurant and the tavern have extinguished our household fires; and, the calling of wife and mother is profitless and passing away. All that remains is for these poor women to retire from business, ruined as they are by the changes of the times as completely as the Coventry ribbon-weavers: beaus are no longer in fashion, and true-lovers'-knots are never inquired after. But the crisis, I prophesy, is at hand; the day for signing judgment and issuing execution is drawing nigh, and a universal distress (with men only in possession) will degrade the land. The women, disgusted with the contempt they meet with and tired of persecution, will pack up their bonnet-boxes and be off to far distant shores; the happy country where love grows wild; the blessed land of promises—to marry. Then bad luck will rest on our houses, as surely as if we had driven the rooks from their ancient tree-tops. England is not the only spot on earth where English is spoken. They court very fiercely, in perfectly intelligible Anglo-Saxon, over in Australia, and the women are sailing away by shiploads to listen to it. It is a long way to go; but, somehow or other, it is worth the going for, it being a business they understand far better than taking checks or tailoring, printing, or watchmaking.

Whilst I was in France one *leidore*, a man (at least he looked like a man), used to make my bed, sweep my floors, and, in a general way, perform the same duties as those our Mary (housemaid) engages for in England. May the day come, and speedily, when Frederick has to go down on his knees and scrub the boards; when Thomas will thump the pillows and smooth the sheet, and Henry is caught blackleading the grate or sandpapering the bright poker.

It is a shameful and a cruel thing to reflect over, that beauty, which in any other land but this stupid England of ours would make men silly, should be allowed to pine and waste itself away in dull back parlours. One would think that there was no longer any "prides of the village," "belles of the season," or sweet faces fit to adorn a book of beauty, to be found in our island; while the truth is we swarm with loveliness which is to be had for the simple asking. Red whiskers may marry golden tresses; Red nose may lead to the altar a milk-white Grecian; Crook-back and Crook-legged may be as fortunate as Vulcan, and make Venus his bride. The hearts of men have turned to pith. They marry through the brain, and never allow their affections to interfere with business. They look after pretty fortunes, not pretty faces; they fall in love with handsome dowries and fine properties, and consider the performance before the altar merely as a safe and easy method of securing a title to an estate.

Let our forlorn sisters, who are wearing themselves down to threadpapers with five parties a week, and wasting their sweetness and other articles of the toilet on the desert drawing-room, reflect seriously before they squander their passage-money on another full-dress experiment. Surely, any tacked-together sort of a muslin skirt, looped up with any trumpery kind of cheap flower, is good enough for an evening passed on a rout-seat—some ten or twelve wearied martyrs all of a row, miserable and inanimate as winter sparrows on a housetop.

In a letter lately received from Australia, the following lively description of the state of love affairs in Melbourne is given by a young lady, who, without a penny to bless herself with, is beloved five deep, and has only to select the disposition, appearance, and fortune she considers will make her happy for life to reduce to the brink of despair four most excellent offers, in the prime of life, and rolling in wealth.

"Again, I repeat, and for the hundredth—the thousandth—time, again, and again, and again I repeat—come out here, and leave that stupid, conceited Old England to amuse herself with her stuck-up family pride and ridiculous etiquette nonsense. We are so dreadfully short of ladies, dearest, that the other night, at one of the most fashionable balls of the season, we were forced to call in the maid-servants to make up the quadrilles. Imagine, my pet, two gentlemen, each with their thousands, waltzing together through positive lack of girls. I have just heard that old Mr. Sweeney, a man, my dearest, so wealthy he would pay to melt down, proposed to me, and was accepted by, my aunt's cook as they were going through the last figure of the Lancers. Just think! In your disgusting England he might have had a Countess. Oh, do! Oh, do! come out. You are only dawdling away valuable time, and encouraging grey hairs, and wrinkles, and goodness only knows what kinds of horrible judgments; and what for, my darling? Why, only to be the sport and joke of a set of monkeys who cannot breathe a vow without poisoning you with tobacco fumes. Talking of grey hairs and wrinkles, do you remember dear old Mrs. Garnish? Now there is a instance of true love, dearest. She was married only last

month to a handsome fellow young enough to be her grandson; and so enraptured was he with his conquest that the day before the wedding he presented her with a new set of the most beautiful false teeth. I must tell you about the ball given by the Governor a short time back. It was agreed, for the sake of the poor men, my pet, that the ladies should never dance with the same gentleman for longer than five minutes at a time. It was such fun! It put an end to all jealousy and quarrelling. Before supper I had three offers, and a fourth was, I am sure, on the point of proposing, but it was a *demi-tour* love, and he was short of breath. After supper I was quite besieged, indeed—pestered—with suitors. I foresee the end: I shall be raffled for. The idea of wasteful such blue eyes as yours on your London wolves and tigers puts me beyond patience. I was describing you to young Mr. Quicke (a beautiful brigand head, love, and a beard like a jungle), and he says he will have you directly if you will come out by the next ship, only he must know positively, because Mary Romney is waiting for his answer before she accepts Fred Fisher, and it would be highly unsatisfactory if he missed you both. If you accept him, dear, bring out a Howard plough with you for him, and a canary for me, and a bottle of Albert's dye (brown) for Louisa Akers, and the biggest crinoline for me—only remember it must be larger than Kate Badger's, and hers is bigger than a wigwag. It is but right that I should tell you that Mr. Quicke is in the wool trade, and a regular golden fleece, dear—so much money, love, the banks charge him for warehousing it. I am, of course, quite a queen in my way. The fellows follow me about like chickens waiting to be fed. My horror is lest there should be any duelling on my account; for you know, dearest, however flattered I might feel by such disinterested devotion, yet it is not a pleasant thing to have a corpse laid at one's door, and perhaps the very one you liked best. One fellow offered to settle a million sheep on me, and this has so disgusted me with mutton that the sight of a roasted leg almost makes me swear to remain single all my life. At this very moment, darling duck, one of the monkeys has sent his head clerk to wait for an answer. He is only a row of houses—in thorough repair and on long leases—though, and when one is pestered to death by thirty thousand acres and a fleet of clippers, why the choice resolves itself into a question of looks and temper; and I cannot but confess that the land and ships are quite as deserving as the tenements. But if you come here, love, you must expect these trials. Only a week since Ma and I were at Colonel Jumper's *soirée*, and happening, quite accidentally, dearest, to enter a salon filled with men, I was greeted with such a groaning demonstration that for the moment I fancied I was at a wild-beast show. Come as soon as you can, pet, and assist me to struggle against such fearful ordeals. Last week I was serenaded. A guitar has for months been hovering among the shrubs about the house. My pony has been three times taken from my carriage, and devoted admirers have pulled me home. If I were foolish enough to give locks of my hair away to every simpleton who begs for one, I should be as bald as a vulture. The dozens of gloves that are left for me have become such a perfect nuisance I must barrel them up and send them as cargo to England. You need not mind about bringing any jewellery or expensive dresses with you. All you will have to do is to look intently into the shop windows and sigh as if your heart would break, and next morning the brooch or Genoa velvet is sure to be on your dressing-table. Good-by, dearest darling! I am obliged to leave off thus suddenly, for a highly respectable millionaire is in the hall threatening to blow his brains out unless I instantly consent to be his for life. Oh, dear! what shall I do? How vexing! when you would suit him, I am sure. I'll ask him to be a good man, and wait patiently for the next packet."

"N.B.—A dreadful wreck! All hands lost except the stewardess. She, foolish woman, accepted the pilot, who was just in time to save her. The merchants are in a dreadful rage, and have resolved, in full meeting, never to employ the vagabond again. A.M."

SCOTLAND.

AN IMPORTANT UNDERTAKING.—Among the numerous Parliamentary notices this season the most remarkable is one for the construction of a railway bridge across the Forth, as a means of facilitating the traffic between the eastern lowlands and the north of Scotland. The point at which this immense structure will be erected is about four miles up the river above Queensferry, and will be carried across at a height sufficient to allow vessels of an average size to pass under. The bridge will be built on about fifty piers, and will almost equal in length the famous Victoria Bridge on the St. Lawrence, though the cost will probably not exceed half a million. About three years will be required for the completion of the work.

SINGULAR CARRIAGE ACCIDENT.—On Saturday morning last a pair of horses, drawing a covered wagonette, were being driven in Maxwell-street, Glasgow, when they were startled by the smack of a carman's whip, which made them quite unmanageable and set them galloping down the street towards the river. On the way the carriage came into collision with one of the iron pillars supporting the chains which run along the quays. The vehicle spun round, and the horses broke away, carrying with them the traces and the splinter-board. The driver, still holding the reins, was dragged over the splash-board of the carriage. He did not relinquish his grasp till the horses had got within a yard or two of the river's brink, when they plunged into the water, where they were drowned in two or three minutes. The driver did not sustain any serious injury from the occurrence.

THE PROVINCES.

FATAL COLLIERY ACCIDENT.—A shocking colliery accident occurred on Monday morning at a coal-pit, in the neighbourhood of Maseborough. The men assembled at the shaft at the usual hour in the morning, and proceeded down the pit in parties of half a dozen at a time. The vehicle by which they descended was a frame or "cage," which was suspended by six chains from a hook that was attached to the lowering rope. Several parties had gone down in safety; but when one batch was about half way down the shaft the cage, from some cause, tipped up at one end and the inmates were shot out and precipitated to the bottom, where they were dashed to pieces.

THE DISTRESS IN THE NORTH.—Mr. Farnall's report, read at the last meeting of the Central Committee, in Manchester, stated that "on the 21st inst. there was an increase in the number of persons receiving parochial relief in twenty-seven unions in the cotton-manufacturing districts, as compared with the number so relieved in the previous week, of 863. There were, on the 21st inst., 129,444 persons receiving parochial relief in the twenty-seven unions adverted to; in the corresponding week of 1861, 53,206 persons were so relieved. There is, therefore, an increase of 76,238 persons in the receipt of parochial relief, or 143 per cent."

DISCONTENT AMONG THE MANCHESTER OPERATIVES.—On Monday a demonstration of distressed operatives took place at Manchester, the object being apparently to protest against the hard measures of the poor-law guardians. Placards distributed throughout Manchester on Saturday announced the intended demonstration, declaring that "not to give to the poor was to take from him, not to feed him to the utmost of one's power was to kill him," and exhorting all to be charitable in order to avoid both sacrilege and murder. The procession, which assembled at the appointed place, numbered at first between thirty and forty, but the crowd gradually increased to upwards of 300. They were addressed by a man John Yates Knight, whose signature was attached to the placard. He said it was true that there were hundreds that very day who were in a state of literal starvation, from the meagre allowance of the board of guardians. The Government of the country had grown rich out of their industry, and when convinced that the people could not provide for themselves, they had offered them resources; but the board of guardians and the town authorities stood between the poor and the privileges the Government offered to them; and they did so because they belonged to a faction in Manchester who wanted to reduce the price of labour, and to bring the labourers to a state of degradation and submission to their employers beyond what would enable them to sustain life. The procession, which gradually increased in numbers, reached the Townhall, where the Mayor, in answer to a deputation, represented their grievances, said that it was a work of time to place the Public Works Act in operation, and they had no power over the guardians. The procession then returned, and the result was a determination to hold a meeting some future day.

SUSPECTED MURDER OF A CIVIL ENGINEER.—A private soldier in the 14th Hussars, of the name of De Carx, has been apprehended at Manchester on a charge of being concerned in the murder of a Mr. Driscoll, an engineer, who had come to London to make arrangements for lighting the town of Corunna with gas. He was found some time ago in the river Lea, and £18 in gold, which he was known to have with him at the time, was missing. There was also found a military glove, which has since been ascertained to belong to De Carx. The soldier admits that he was in Driscoll's company on the evening before the murder; but he gives an account of the circumstances under which they parted that the police are taking steps to verify.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 347.)

CHAPTER XIV.

Why should Lady Bexteyrmonth have been so much disconcerted by her daughter's announcement of what had taken place at Lady Ingatestone's ball? She had been fully aware that it was costing Helen a painful effort to "get over" her feelings towards Mr. Strensal, and she had a real sympathy for Helen's troubles; nevertheless, she had made up her maternal mind that they were to be "got over." Not only had her original opinion—that Strensal was a man in whom the marrying virtues were feebly developed, and whose phlegmatic constitution the infection of the tender passion was unlikely to assail in any very ardent form—been strengthened by his readiness in yielding to her first demonstrations of discouragement; but she had made up her mind that he had never had any serious intentions. That candid but circumspect matron, Lady Malapert, had lately whispered to her a vague rumour of indefinite obstacles which prevented Strensal from marrying at all: a question as to the validity of his father's marriage with Lady Matilda—a hint of a previous left-handed connection, not exactly provable, nor absolutely disprovable—something better not stirred, but sufficient to form the basis of a tacit understanding with the next heir that he should hold the property for life but not provide himself with descendants.

Lady Malapert professed to have suffered some alarm for her own darling Vulpinia, to whom he had been rather attentive. They had met him at her dear friend Lady Lupesley's. The Hon. Vulpinia, by-the-way, was a weaselly little girl, with eyes rather near together, and fiery auburn hair.

If Lady Bexteyrmonth had been anxious to secure Strensal for a son-in-law she would not have taken much notice of suggestions, which she would have attributed to an amiable disposition to put her out of conceit with her daughter's prospects. But the rumour fell in with her own bias against the marriage, and became the keystone of her objection as well as the foundation of her assurance that there was nothing serious in his intentions.

She conceived that Helen had made the mistake of investing him with high sentimental aspirations out of her own lively imagination, because he happened to be tall, handsome, and intelligent, and because he had shown signs (delusive as they now seemed likely to prove) of making a figure in public life.

She expected that, as Helen gradually convinced herself that he cared very little about her, the temporary infatuation would dissolve itself into thin air. She had carefully made her engagements for the recess, so as to run as little chance as possible of meeting him in country houses. The season was nearly over, and she trusted that by next February the difficulty would have disappeared. Therefore it was that when she found all her provisions routed by this unexpected rally she naturally felt that a march had been stolen on her maternal tactics, and received Helen's announcement with the unpromising exclamation recorded at the close of Chapter XII.

Lady Helen was surprised at such abrupt dismay and manifest disappointment, remembering her mother's words on a previous occasion; but she was too full of the new confidence of mutual love to feel the want of her mother's sympathy so acutely as she would have done in a time of doubt and despondency. Perhaps her mother felt that she had spoken harshly, and perhaps if Helen had shown signs of being cut to the quick her heart would have relented.

But Helen, not easily disheartened in the joyous assurance of being loved by him whose love was to be all in all to her, replied cheerfully, "Oh, yes, dearest mother, he will give his consent, and you, dear, you will persuade him to give his consent when you get to know how happy this love makes me! My heart tells me it will be all right. Nothing now can prevent me from knowing that he loves me, and he knows that I love him. Oh, mamma, you never knew how wretched I have been, or you would be delighted instead of thunderstruck to see how happy—more than happy—I am in the knowledge of his love. I hardly understand how I ever doubted it."

A pang of maternal jealousy rankled in the mother's breast. There is a hard sense of bereavement in the weaning process by which a mother finds the child of her bosom severed from her long-paramount influence—as the prime source of sympathy, solace, and counsel—at the waking in an only daughter's soul of a stronger sentiment than filial affection. "I thought, dearest, that you had nearly recovered from that illusion about the imaginary depths of his passion. I am sure he has behaved very coolly for a long while, and I scarcely understand your hasty unconditional surrender at the first word. It must have given him the impression that you have been languishing for him all along; and when in a weak moment he takes pity on your disconsolate forlornness you throw yourself into his arms with an eagerness that scarcely shows a proper pride. I think you might have done better to receive his tardy avowal with a little more reserve, and have left a little more room for the discretion of your parents. I hope and trust it may end well, but I cannot say I think it has been discreetly begun. You do not know what grave—nay, I think, insuperable—objections there are."

If Helen had been in doubt as to the seriousness and energy of her lover's regard for her, this reproach would have hurt her much more than it did. Her mother expected her to break down under it, and was prepared for tears and lamentation; but Helen replied firmly, "You do us both injustice, mother. His love is no lukewarm compassion, but as earnest and noble love as any woman could wish to win. Nor can I accuse myself of languishing disconsolate airs. Nay, it seems I succeeded so well in pretending to be gay when I was sad, that even my own mother never understood how wretched I have felt; for I almost deceived myself, and never thoroughly measured the depth and blackness of my misery till I look back upon it like a cloud out of which I have come into this sunshine."

Lady Bexteyrmonth felt herself to be injured and ignored by the independence of her daughter's happiness; and yet at the same time she had a yearning to take the wilful child to her breast and weep over her and wish her all joy. Between these opposite poles of maternal sentiment she was suspended by the uncertainty as to what course she would have to adopt after the affair had been laid before her husband. A painful constraint fell between them, and both mother and daughter were oppressed by an uneasy consciousness of having become strangers.

Next morning, Lord Bexteyrmonth no sooner heard of it than he declared most positively that he would not hear of it. Nevertheless, he did hear of it, both from his wife and from Helen, who meekly but firmly pleaded the irrevocable confession of mutual love which no human power could touch. "You may never let me see him again; but when you forbid me to love him you might as well forbid me to breathe."

Her father was inexorable. Though stern and selfish when his will was thwarted, he had been an easy, indulgent, and rather affectionate parent as regards all the smaller demonstrations of parental pride and fondness, which demand no sacrifices. He had not spoken out all his displeasure on Swelchster's dismissal, conceiving that her rejection of so good an offer could only have arisen from a temporary freak of girlish caprice which would be more likely to come round without parental coercion. He was not insensible to the gleam derivable from the evidence this preliminary backwardness afforded of there being no too eager desire on their side to secure the Duke's heir; but he had been fully persuaded that it would come on again, pooh-poohing his wife's apprehensions to the contrary.

"The young man is in earnest, and does not console himself," he was accustomed to say, "and no girl can go on very long resisting the prospect of being a Duchess."

However, his eyes were opened now to the true state of the case. There was a solid impediment to be cleared away. He determined to try the effect of trenchant measures. His indignation at his daughter's indiscretion was aggravated by an impending fit of the gout, and he spoke to her with a harsh roughness which mistook violence for force and tyranny for authority.

"Helen, you have to learn that there is a limit to parental indulgence; you have been so accustomed by your mother's injudicious kindness to have your own way in everything that you think the most serious affairs of life are to yield to the whims and fancies of a spoiled child. Do you know that nearly two millions of property, which I can do what I like with, depend on your marrying with some reference to my wishes? If you had accepted Swelchster, like a sensible girl, everything would have been right. The succession of the estates would have been settled on the second son of your marriage; and a remainder clause appended to the patent to have my earldom descend with the property. Truckleborough was quite ready to agree to the arrangement, and Girandole said there would be no difficulty. All that arrangement—which was most satisfactory to me, and which was full of collateral significance, as strengthening my political position—you threw over in your headstrong wilfulness, in spite of all that I and your mother could say to you. And now you want to throw yourself away, without even so much as consulting our wishes before you commit yourself to a great hulking numbskull, as wrong-headed, proud, obstinate, and impracticable as you could have picked out of the three kingdoms. Since we were destined to disagree on this point, it is as well that you should have selected a son-in-law for me to whom I totally and finally object. When he comes to demand your hand—as I have no doubt he will, taking it for granted that your consent has given him an absolute, indefeasible right to you—he will find his mistake; and you, too, when you have gone through the ceremony of breaking your wilful heart at leisure, will find your mistake, and be a little more reasonable for the future. I shall give him a most distinct, peremptory, and final negative, and we will wait and see how long your irrevocable covenant holds good. Plenty of headstrong girls and boys have sworn eternal love before you were born, and it is practically found that a few months of absence is a perfect cure. All this sort of thing comes of too tender treatment. Modern lights treat the ordinary human emotions as something stupendous. Your mother was afraid of your intractable spirit breaking out into some extravagance—as if it was not better to let a child, that is in the humour to cry for the moon, cry itself to sleep. Why don't you cry? I shall not be afraid of your going into convulsions. Many of us have disappointments in life. Here is yours. Take it and bear it. Cry over it as much as you please, and the harder you cry the sooner you will get over it."

Helen shed no tears. She had never been spoken to in this hard, unfeeling tone before.

The only effect of his harangue was to convince Lady Helen that her father cared nothing for her happiness, and meant to use her merely as an available instrument for the furtherance of his selfish ends. She was too much shocked to weep. A deadly chill seemed closing round her heart. The harsh voice grew indistinct in her ears; the angry face faded before her eyes, and when, feeling so sick and giddy that she could bear it no more, she attempted to rise and leave him, her knees failed her, and she slid down flat on the floor and lay there at her father's feet in a deathlike swoon.

She had not closed her eyes during the whole of the previous night, and the exhausting wear and tear of conflicting emotions had very ill prepared her nervous system for this rude ordeal. Her mother's uncomfortable behaviour recurring to her again and again during the feverish vigils of the night, took more hold on her in the darkness and the silence that gave her leisure to remember all the long arrears of kindness and solicitude which brought out in such painful contrast this new estrangement of heart—this unexpected repugnance to her happiness.

But in the midst of her anxiety and grief at the thought of forfeiting her mother's approval and affection, the tumultuous joy of being loved surged against all obstacles and drawbacks, like a mountain torrent broken into foam and tortured into whirling eddies by sharp masses of rock, which may divert its course and chafe its waters into frenzy, but cannot diminish by a single drop the rolling flood that flows from the perennial sources of the hills.

After such a night it taxed her powers of self-control to the utmost to comport herself with apparent serenity in the interview with her father, which she had been led to expect would be a very discouraging one. She maintained, with great effort, her calm and submissive manner, and expressed herself in a language and manner which drew a touching eloquence from the resolutely suppressed emotion labouring beneath the reticence of her simple but earnest appeal.

Her words, however, would have gone for nothing, if nature had not come to her aid by demonstrating the extent of her suffering and the limit of her strength by an outward and visible argument, in the presence of which paternal anger was impotent.

When Lady Bexteymont came to the rescue she gave her lord a look of reproachful meaning, in which he saw that the "trenchant measures" he had insisted on were pronounced by the logic of facts to have failed most signally. The sight of her darling's white, inanimate face, on which the impress of pain remained though consciousness had ebbed away, was enough to send the last straggling detachment of worldly considerations flying. "We will have no more of these experiments," that reproachful look said plainer than words could speak; and Lord Bexteymont knew that his wife's wavering support was withdrawn from his line of policy, and that she had gone over bodily to the other side.

He had been very resolute five minutes before, and had asserted that there was nothing so terribly stupendous in human emotions as modern philosophy pretended to discover. If he reckoned paternal indignation and the violence of despotic authority as ordinary human emotions, he, perhaps, afforded an illustration of his theory; for his daughter's fainting fit and his wife's glance had reduced him to a meekness of moral discomfiture in which a lady's-maid might have made him stand and deliver with the snap of a double-barrelled smelling-bottle, or waved him away into space with the flutter of a pocket-handkerchief.

Lady Helen recovered from her swoon, but was weak and nervous, had a few hysterical attacks and a sharp little fever, in which she was lightheaded. In short, she caused her mother a good deal of seasonable anxiety.

Lady Bexteymont had unquestionable evidence during those trying days to assure her how deeply rooted was this love which she had been induced at first to consider rather as a caprice of the intellect than a passion of the heart.

The fair average mother only requires to be thoroughly convinced that her daughter loves with her whole heart, and with her eyes open to the genuine character of the man she loves, in order to take her part warmly. The heartless behaviour often attributed to the fashionable matron usually arises from her sincere belief that her daughter's love is founded on a mistake as to the lover's real character, which, indeed, is too often the case. Fashionable matrons, with all their experience, will themselves, now and then, make a mistake on the other side when their ambition militates against facile conviction of true merit. But once let a tolerable specimen of the British mother believe thoroughly in the genuineness of her daughter's affection for a genuine man, and her motherly kindness gets the better of her worldly ambition long before there is any danger of the darling child dying of love.

Before Helen's illness was over—and the good understanding concluded to get it over quickly—Helen and her mother were on the best terms again. It was understood that the best was to be made of it. Lord Bexteymont was persuaded that it would not do to be inexorable when Strensal should present himself to ask his consent.

In the meantime, it became a new source of perplexity to all concerned what in the world had come of him. Nearly a week had elapsed, and he neither came nor wrote. Helen had no doubts of him; but her mother thought it very strange.

CHAPTER XV.

Lady De Vergund found the rogue Macfarlane rather improve on acquaintance. The ready money she had furnished enabled him to clothe and lodge himself respectably; and with the decencies of glossy broadcloth, careful shaving, and clean linen, a sort of smug professional amenity of manner overlaid the hangdog, suspicious

ferocity which gave but little promise of satisfactory results in the first conference.

He showed considerable acuteness and business-like capacity in drawing up a scheme on paper of the amount and sort of evidence which would be required to set up a plausibly litigable claim. In the first place, they must have a woman to represent Janet. She must be of the right age, be a Scotchwoman, have traces of beauty, and be sufficiently like Janet to prevent persons who had known the real Janet from swearing that this was a different person. Such a woman he believed he could supply. A sister of his own, who had a strong family likeness to Janet, married soon after Janet went to Australia, and had lived ever since in Belfast. She had lost her husband and fallen into poverty about the time of the affair which led to his crossing the water. He had written to her, and ascertained she was still living. She would be much safer than a stranger, and, besides, knew the early part of Janet's history of her own knowledge. He had written to her a few days back pressing her to come over on important business. She would want about fifty pounds to pay her debts and get over to Scotland.

Then came the substantiation of marital life and public acknowledgment. Persons might be got to swear that they lived together as man and wife at Rothsay; but these persons must be proved to have been inhabitants of Rothsay at the period, and there would be plenty of evidence obtainable by the defence that Arthur Strensal there went by an assumed name, which virtually vitiated the acknowledgment. If some decayed brother officer who had been in the regiment at the time could be found and bought over with a handsome bribe to swear that Arthur had introduced Janet to friends of his own rank and standing as his wife, that would prove something; but to find such a witness would be a delicate job; it was dangerous to attempt to tamper with witnesses in the rank of gentlemen, who might very probably not only refuse to listen to temptation, but blow up the whole case.

As to raising a pretence of any sort of solemnisation of marriage having taken place, no such pretence had been nor could have been maintained before, as it would have been perfectly easy during Arthur's lifetime to disprove it.

Who was to know what had taken place then? Were not all the parties to the transaction dead except Macfarlane himself?

No! There was a barrister of the name of Crutchley. Old Mr. Strensal had put him into Parliament for a borough that belonged to the family before the Reform Bill. This Crutchley was called in as a friend by Mr. Strensal; and if it had not been for him a much better bargain might have been made. It appeared by the last *Law List* that Crutchley was still alive, though he must be nearer eighty than seventy; and till his death no divergence from the original story could be ventured on. Indeed, in anything public Crutchley's evidence would probably break down the whole affair. There was a better, a safer, and a much quicker method.

"What was it?"

"Why, this. In all cases of delicacy—that is to say, when the right and reason of the case are not clearly in your favour down to the bottom—the first principle of prudence is to attempt no more than just as much as will serve your purpose. Now, what I wanted was only to bring to bear enough evidence of a doubtful transaction having taken place to persuade Mr. Strensal that it was worth his while to hand over to me the £6000 which will be remitted by the next Australian mail. The solid fact of the remittance itself would make him listen to me; and I could alarm him quite enough to make it worth his while to keep me quiet without incurring myself with any accomplices, who, of course, would want to share the profits. What you want goes a step further. For reasons which do not concern me, you desire to stop his marriage, and you want a public scandal to do it. My experience tells me that the fear of public scandal is the only shelter under which the job can be done safely. Instead of going to Mr. Strensal, of Thorskelf (as I should do on my own behalf), to carry out your views, I go to the next heir. I give him all the knowledge I have, and colour it as highly with fictitious additions as I dare; for he must not have the impression that he could oust the present possessor by a summary process of law. I show him that he has an equitable, though probably not a recoverable, right, which it would be so disagreeable to all parties concerned to have ventilated, that the best method is a compromise by which the possessor is guaranteed from disturbance during his lifetime, on covenanting not to contract marriage. In this transaction, which is more difficult because it deals with two parties instead of one, a more tangible case must be made out, and I should have at least to produce the claimant of prior marriage. I loosen my hold on the possessor by having already done that which it was most worth his while to prevent me from doing. The claims of the next heir and those of the woman are deductions from what I might otherwise make out of his fears. I should look to you to make that loss good to me. You have made me very handsome offers; but I do not know who you are."

This, of course, opened the difficult question of mutual confidence. If she declined to trust him with the knowledge of her identity how was he to be sure of his remuneration for increasing the danger and complication of his scheme, and sacrificing some part of his pecuniary interest in it to suit her views? Would it suit her better to trust him with the secret of her incognito, and let him trust her to reward him for results; or to hand over the money beforehand, and trust him to carry out her views to the best of his ability? The stress of his argument pointed to the former alternative. He recommended her to quit her masquerading and return to her place in society, where she would be much better able to watch how the affair was progressing in its social aspect, and leave him to work the undercurrent, supplying him from time to time with resources and stipulating a final bonus when her objects should be satisfactorily obtained.

Lady De Vergund's main dread was of her identity being discovered, and she gave Macfarlane to understand that nothing would tempt her to disclose who she was, and that she had taken the most effectual measures to conceal her journey to Scotland from every soul who knew her. She reminded him that they were not treating on equal terms. She was voluntarily supplying him with funds which were a material guarantee of good faith. If he made difficulties, she might withdraw from the affair altogether. He was a returned convict; was it reasonable to expect her to repose a blind confidence in him? If she gave him a large sum of money down, he might with perfect safety disregard her objects. No! She was there to see the case prepared, to judge of the capabilities of the evidence he could procure; she was willing to defray the expenses of preparation as they progressed; but for the final sum he must trust her till the thing was done.

Macfarlane submissively admitted the justice of some of these suggestions, but urged that before he could definitively modify his own views to accommodate hers he must at least be convinced that she had the means to remunerate him. Who was her banker in Glasgow, that he might satisfy himself of the strength of her resources?

On this one of the square portmanteaus was unlocked, and, a false bottom being removed, about an inch deep of the whole area was laid flat with masses of five, ten, and twenty pound Bank of England, and 500*l.* and 1000*l.* Bank of France, notes.

The fifty pounds required for Macfarlane's sister he was told to take out of that reservoir of wealth at random, and he would be able to verify the fact that the notes were genuine.

He seemed greatly impressed with the sight of this hoard, and professed himself perfectly satisfied. The same evening he bought a large bottle of chloroform, a few sheets of cotton wool, three yards of stout, close-wove canvas, and half a pound of white wax. He cut the canvas into two lengths, sewed it firmly down the middle, prepared it with the wax so as to make it air-tight, cut it into a circle, and ran two strong small cords through holes pierced in the circumference, so that it was capable of being drawn into a bag like a German tobacco-pouch. The cotton-wool sheets were attached to the inside.

A day or two after this Macfarlane brought a letter with the Belfast postmark, in which his sister announced that she would start by the next steamer for Greenock. What did M. Dupont think? would it be better to bring her on to Glasgow or to keep her at

Greenock, and make their arrangements with her there? The latter proposition was preferred. Macfarlane went down to Greenock to meet the Belfast steamer, and on his return announced that he had settled his sister there in a lodging, under the name of Mrs. Alexander Robertson. He had opened the nature of the business on which she was wanted to her, and she was willing to undertake it. It would require a few days, however, to put her thoroughly up to her part.

M. Dupont was eager to make progress. The Australian mail would be in now in a week or so—the mail which would leave Sydney a fortnight or three weeks after the unclaimed half-yearly payment would have fallen due. The conditions for the immediate remission of the capital sum had been made extremely stringent and peremptory, and it could be calculated on. Till its remittance Mr. Strensal was not likely to be amenable to reason, but the sooner after its arrival the better.

M. Dupont and Macfarlane arrived at Greenock one morning at eleven o'clock. The black portmanteaus were in the carriage with them. Would M. Dupont go to the Stewart Arms or the Ardgowan Hotel; both were snug commercial establishments?

M. Dupont did not know the hotels of Greenock, and seemed doubtful of lodging himself on Mr. Macfarlane's recommendation.

Would he prefer to walk through the town and himself select a hostelry? That would suit M. Dupont better. The black portmanteaus were carefully deposited in the luggage-room and some attention paid to seeing that the luggage-ticket was accurately numbered.

The day was warm and bright as they walked out of the station and sauntered through the maritime bustle of the thriving but unsavoury port. There was no breeze, and the midday glare brought out the full force of smothering odours, in which tar, tallow, harbour mud, garlic, and oakum seemed dryly simmering and sending up a drouthy vapour of yellow dust, that tumbled and tossed in the thickened sunshine above as bales and packages flapped and crashed out of trucks on to the pavement and were bundled down slopes into cellars or hoisted on clanking cranes into warehouse-lotts.

They did not pass any very inviting-looking hostleries, for Macfarlane led the way by riverside streets and quays.

Having passed across the commercial frontage of the town, he said they were now within five minutes' walk of his sister's lodging; and a little beyond that there was the Marine Hotel, which was out of the bustle and smother of the town, near a muddy beach of the estuary, where there was a pretence of sea-bathing. It was not a commercial house, but it might be pretty comfortable, and would be near at hand.

The houses along the beach had by this time begun to straggle a little and grow irregular in size. There were a few trees, and here and there a shabby garden or so. There were nets hanging out to dry on the shingle, and a few boats. The street, more or less, had become a road. Some of the houses stood on the land side and some on the water side, but not much of the road had houses on both sides. The houses with gardens in front seemed to have fallen back a little inland, and the houses with signs of fishing to have stepped forward on to the shingle. The Marine Hotel could be seen, heading a projection of the curved shore, a few hundred yards further on, when Macfarlane pointed out the house where he had lodged his sister.

It was on the shingle side of the road, and looked like a fisherman's house that had grown a little, in order to take in lodgers. There was a card with "Apartments to let" in the window. The door was ajar—an ordinary green door, with a shallow trellis porch, up one side of which grew an unprosperous-looking honeysuckle; on the other side still clung the remains of some other creeper, dead and dried up beyond recognition.

"Would M. Dupont go on and inspect the accommodation at the Marine Hotel, or see Mrs. Robertson in passing?"

M. Dupont would have nothing to do with the Marine Hotel. He preferred the first they had passed after leaving the station.

"What's that?" cried a shrill female voice from up stairs, as they entered between the dead creeper and the dying honeysuckle.

"Is Mistress Robison within?" said Macfarlane.

"Is it yourself, Sir?" said the woman; and she knocked at a door and cried as audibly as before, "Mrs. Robison! here's your kinsman till ye!" and, after waiting a moment for a reply, came down stairs, saying, "She'll be doon till ye, Sirs, presently." Reaching the foot of the stairs, which was close to the front door, she shut it. "Step in till the parlour, gentles! That's no it—it's just the kitchen," she said, leading on along the passage and opening the door of a room at the other side of the house, as Macfarlane, who followed next, made way politely for M. Dupont to pass in. As the door opened there was nothing particular to see; but a powerful and pungent smell, like the chemicals of photography, startled M. Dupont's nostrils. In the same moment his arms were pinioned from behind, he was pushed forward into the room, and, almost before there was time to cry out, a man from behind the door had the air-tight bag, lined with cotton wool saturated with chloroform, over his head and shoulders; the cords were drawn tight round the elbows; a few stifled attempts to shriek, a few convulsive gasps, and M. Dupont was lying on his back, perfectly tranquil; a pillow was placed on his breast, and the heaviest of the party sat upon this for fifteen minutes by Macfarlane's watch.

That night a beautiful corpse, clad in poverty-stricken clothes of no describable pattern, with a few pounds' weight of shingle tied up in front of the ragged petticoat, was rowed out a few hundred yards from shore and committed to the scour of the ebb tide. The weight of pebbles was enough to keep it from floating on the surface, but not enough to prevent it drifting lightly along the slimy bad of the estuary.

When decomposition began to evolve the gases, in a day or two it floated up, and was found off Larps. There were no signs of violence on the body. It was accurately described in the papers. It was conjectured to have been a case of suicide by some one who had known better days and fallen into destitution. The hair had been cropped close; probably that was the last property the poor creature had to sell.

The people of the house in which the doubly supposititious Mrs. Robertson had been figured to reside had all the personality except the keys and the luggage-ticket; that was Macfarlane's share of the booty. He and the black portmanteaus shortly arrived in London, where, taking his ease in his inn, he investigated their contents, and was rather startled when he discovered that his victim had been no less a person than the Marchioness De Vergund. But that was nothing to the shock it caused him to find, instead of the greater part of the bank-notes, a new cheque-book, and an acknowledgment from a Glasgow bank of a deposit by M. Dupont of four thousand odd hundred pounds.

After having shown her resources to Macfarlane, some qualm of caution had led Lady De Vergund to take this step, and his own inquiry suggested that it was safer to keep her cash at a banker's. That deposit was a dead loss. Macfarlane only cleared a few hundred pounds. He must fall back on the Strensal speculation. The days which had to elapse before the arrival of the Australian mail seemed like centuries to him. If he could only get hold of that £6000 he would not imperil himself by any attempt to meddle with the unlucky deposit in the Glasgow Bank, but be off to America like a shot. The mail arrived on the day of Lady Inglestone's ball.

(To be continued.)

NEW RAILWAY BILLS.—There were 304 railway schemes deposited on Monday. The fee on a deposit at the Private Bill Office of every document is £5, and £5 a day to the examiners to ascertain whether there has been a compliance with the standing orders. On each reading there is a fee of £15, and a similar fee on the report. The fees are increased on the amount proposed to be raised. In the next Session the fees will be very considerable, and the Bar will reap a good harvest. Among the reforms recommended by the Select Committee on the subject of the fees of the House and of counsel was declared to be too often. It is suggested that alterations proposed will not be carried out in the next Session. The forthcoming Session is expected to be the busiest one since the year 1817, when railway projects were very numerous.



THE ANNUAL FAIR AT ALCALA, NEAR MADRID.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. DUMANN.)

THE FAIR AT ALCALA.

Of all the scenes and localities illustrative of life in Spain which have been reproduced in our Engravings, there are none more interesting than that which we present to our readers this week.

The very name of Alcala possesses a charm, for it was here that the author of "Don Quixote" first saw the light, in 1547, and here also the celebrated polyglot Bible of Cardinal Ximenes was printed, in the fifteen years from 1502 to 1517, at a cost of £11,112. This old town of New Castile, then, is a bright spot in the kingdom, although it has fallen from its glory since its once-famous University was removed (sixteen miles off) to Madrid.

If the traveller desires to make acquaintance with Mr. George Borrow's friends, the gipsies of Spain, he should repair to Alcala on the day of the annual fair, which is the general rendezvous of all "Egyptians" of the kingdom. Here they come from all directions, bringing their troops of horses and mules, in which they are such successful as well as such cunning dealers that they have no rivals at this great Spanish festival.

The market, when the traffic is at its height, presents an extraordinary and picturesque spectacle. The generally-graceful but often bizarre and gaudy dresses of these gipsy horse-dealers—the tumult of a crowd of mules restive and bell-captivated—the lowing of oxen, and the cries of a multitude of pigs, are confusing enough; but in addition to this the vendors are all passing hither and thither amidst piles of fruit and vegetables, of which the enormous stacks of melons are the most astonishing, since it would appear that they could never be consumed within the province. A short residence in Spain, however, enables the visitor to estimate the abilities of the popular appetite for this fruit, and it is certain that not one single gourd will be wasted.

Many of the gipsies are people of considerable wealth and influence, and these, accompanied by their wives and daughters, are frequently the best dressed and the handsomest amongst the holiday-makers—or rather the dealers, for there is little leisure for mere pleasure. The fair lasts only a single day, and by an early hour of the evening the bustle, glare, and excitement have subsided; the gipsies gallop off with their unsold mules and asses, counting their gains and laughing at some successful trick by which a wretched jade has been painted and doctored into a seemingly steed; the market women load their carts and desert their stalls; the melons have faded like a vision; and the sleepy old town is left for another year to recover from its brilliant, feverish dream.

THE MAN WHO IS NOT THE NANA.

THE original of the accompanying Portrait has been a more conspicuous person in India, for some time past, than the Governor-General himself—to say nothing of Sir Hugh Rose, Colonel Crawley, Paymaster Smales, Brigadier Burney, and the other actors in the various "scandals" of which



THE SUPPOSED NANA SAHIB.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

we have heard so much of late. He is the person who, in both senses of the term, was "taken for" the Nana, but who now turns out to be somebody else. For the interest and excitement caused by the mistake the public are indebted, in the first place, to the Bombay police, who scented the wrong game; and in the second place to Colonel Davidson and a small military detachment who hunted it down. The prisoner was one of three men, apparently religious mendicants, who had been travelling about Central India for some time past. The police made up their minds that one of them was the Nana, and set spies on their track. Feeling, at last, certain on the point, they communicated with Colonel Davidson, who became at once converted to their belief, and proceeded himself, with two or three officers and an escort of Foot, to make the capture. This was effected in a temple at Ajmere, where the men had gone to pray. They were surprised, and made no resistance. The captors themselves had no doubt of their identity, just as the butler who shot Oliver Twist had no doubt that the boy was the head of the gang of burglars; but, as they could not substantiate the point, they were obliged to send for proof from a distance. Accordingly, the principal man of the three was photographed, and his portraits sent to Cawnpore and elsewhere, wherever he was likely to be known.

In the meantime his appearance was considered to correspond so entirely with the description of his person in the possession of the Government that his identity was quite established in the eyes of every person on the spot. At last came an order that the prisoner should be taken to Cawnpore, to be there confronted with hundreds who would be able to denounce him as the right monster. Great preparations were accordingly made. A large escort was provided. Every precaution was taken to prevent a rescue on the road. The whole party at length set out. The march was long and fatiguing, but it was at length accomplished. Arrived at Cawnpore, nothing seemed necessary but to parade the prisoner before the people, hear him denounced with universal execration, and then bring him to trial. But a sad disappointment here arose. At Ajmere, before the march, several persons who had seen the Nana declared the resemblance to be perfect. But at Cawnpore everybody who had ever caught a glimpse of him—to say nothing of those who had known him intimately—asserted that there was no resemblance whatever. How then, it was asked, had the man borne so strong a likeness to the descriptive roll when at Ajmere? The solution of the difficulty appears to be this:—During the march the appearance of the prisoner had undergone an almost entire change, so that he no longer resembled even the photograph which had been taken of him when first captured. This statement, strange as it may seem, has been made by several writers in India in perfect good faith. The phenomenon may be accounted for in part by the supposition that the prisoner was



FALL OF THE THREE WHEATSHEAVES PUBLIC-HOUSE, UPPER-STREET, ISLINGTON.—RESCUING THE SUFFERERS AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

elaborately "made up" for the purpose of disguise, and that, when left to himself, Nature had her own way again. Or it may be accounted for entirely by the supposition that another man was substituted for the prisoner during the journey. The latter, however, is scarcely possible. The real state of the case we take to be this:—That Colonel Davidson and his friends, in the heat of their first enthusiasm at the capture, met resemblances half way, and that the change produced by nature did the rest. Certain it is, that at present the identity of the prisoner with the Nana could be established upon no better grounds than that in the celebrated case of "Box and Cox":—"You have not such a thing as a rosebud on your left arm?" "No!" "Then you are my long-lost brother!"

The portrait which we append being supplied to us as a likeness of the prisoner, may be supposed to be one of those taken at Cawnpore, and to represent him in his present condition.

What will be done with the man still remains a question. He proves to be a Brahmin priest; and, although not the Nana, still an enemy, and one who, at the time of his arrest, was engaged in spreading sedition and laying plans for a formidable insurrection. A person of the kind should scarcely be allowed to go at large, especially as he declares that the first use he means to make of his freedom is to bring an action for false imprisonment against the Government!

FALL OF A HOUSE AT ISLINGTON.

A SHORT time since it was determined to pull down the Three Wheatsheaves public-house, adjoining the Agricultural Hall, Upper-street, Islington, for the purpose of erecting premises more commodious and suited to the business of the district. The contract was undertaken by Mr. Chapman, builder, Limehouse.

Although the fulfilment of the contract was only commenced between five and six weeks ago, the workmen had been so expeditious that nearly the entire roof was placed. To run up a large-sized house in so short a time, and at this season of the year, is a matter the advisability of which may be doubted. The landlord, however, was anxious to reap the benefit which would result from the annual exhibition of prize cattle at the Agricultural Hall; and as this important show commences on Monday next, the contractor had to avail himself of every resource to render the house fit for business on that date. About a quarter to twelve o'clock on Thursday week, while Mr. Chapman and the timekeeper were standing on the basement, they were greatly alarmed at hearing a cracking noise, and it appears to have at once been evident that the whole building would fall in. At this time there were as many as forty-six mechanics and labourers employed about the front scaffolding and in various parts of the place. Warning of the coming danger was given, and the majority of the workmen fled into the back yard; but some were either not quick enough, or had not the opportunity of leaving, before the entire structure fell to the ground in one mass. The disaster was so complete that it was a work involving much time and trouble before it could be ascertained how many of the men had been injured. The building had literally sunk down in a body. Walls and flooring had all yielded in a manner as if the lower supports had been suddenly swept away. Although the scaffolding fell outwards, the mass of brickwork itself gradually settled down upon the basement in a way which pretty clearly showed that the haste had been too great, or that there was a defect in the front supports of the first floor. As soon as possible, a body of men were set to work to extricate the sufferers. Two men, named Joseph Pearce and John Peake, were taken out dead. They had been horribly crushed by the mass of material which fell upon them. The fate of these men was particularly sad. Up to half-past ten o'clock they had been working as carpenters in fitting up the Agricultural Hall. At that time they were discharged, and then applied to Mr. Chapman for work. He put them on at once, and they both commenced their labour in fixing the lines of the front windows on the second floor. Their bodies were found side by side. Peake, who was aged 29, was unmarried; Pearce was about thirty-six years old, and has left a wife and six children quite unprovided for. Several other men, some of whom are dangerously injured, were speedily conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where their cases were promptly attended to.

An inquest on the bodies of the sufferers was opened on Monday. The evidence taken threw very little light upon the cause of the accident. It was shown, however, that there were premonitory signs that the front would fall, and that, in consequence of these signs, some of the men who were at work were got away from the building. A subscription has been opened for the benefit of the families of the sufferers. The clergymen of the district, Mr. Layton, the vestry clerk, and other influential gentlemen, are interesting themselves in the movement; and it is hoped that means will be obtained of alleviating as far as possible the effects of this melancholy occurrence.

CONCERTS.

IN spite of its many faults and many shortcomings, the Sacred Harmonic Society deserves well of London amateurs. The directors may, with some show of justice, be reproached with timidity in shrinking from the performance of new and untried works; but then there are very few modern sacred compositions which can be patiently listened to by persons who are in the habit of hearing the masterpieces of Handel and Beethoven, and the failure of recent experiments in this kind of writing does not afford much encouragement for making other attempts. On the other hand, they have promoted to a very great extent the progress of choral singing; and, although still far from perfect, such performance as they give now would have been simply impossible fifteen years ago. For the excellences and the blemishes of the choir, Signor Costa, the energetic conductor, is chiefly responsible. It is by his tremendous force of will that he has obtained such ascendancy over the members of his choir that they follow the indications of his baton with a precision remarkable in such large forces; and it is, doubtless, to his influence that we are indebted for the searching investigation into the capabilities of those engaged which has resulted in a great improvement in the volume and purity of tone produced. He is of course in an equal measure responsible for the unwieldy size of the orchestra and for the profuse fortissimo effects which frequently degenerate music into mere noise. It is greatly to be regretted that the autocratic conductor does not exert his unquestionable power to lessen the number of singers. It is simply impossible for a choir of such magnitude to sing with due delicacy; and a powerful and independent society, like the Sacred Harmonic, can best afford to limit the singers to those possessing the best voices and the best knowledge of music. We shall never hear full justice done to "Elijah" until it is sung by a comparatively small body of chorus-singers. In the meantime, we have much reason to be satisfied with such a representation as that of Friday week. Indeed, it is scarcely possible for the passionate and angry appeals of the Baalites to their false god to be given with greater effect, and in many other of the choruses the force, power, and accuracy of the singers were remarkable. On the other hand, the organ was frequently allowed (and especially in the grand final chorus of the first part) to obscure the clearness of the composition by its loud and discordant tones.

The solo vocalists consisted of M^{rs}. Rudersdorff, who sang, as she always does, like an accomplished musician; but she was sometimes tempted by her enthusiasm to over-exert her powers. M^{rs}. Sainton-Dolby of course won the prescribed encore in the air, "Oh, rest in the Lord!" and she gave the denunciations of Jezebel with that noble dramatic vigour which she never fails to infuse into the scene. She was very efficiently assisted by Miss Julia Elton, a debutante, whose very pleasing voice and good style of singing produced a most favourable impression on the audience. To Mr. Santley was allotted the part of Elijah, and, as he was in capital voice, we need not add that he acquitted himself of his task to admiration. As Mr. Sims Reeves was still suffering from hoarseness, his place was taken by Montem Smith, whose performance—although he sang very well—reminded one, for the thousandth time, of the immense interval that separates the first of our English tenors from all

the others. If ever there was a good chance for a successor it is now.

M^{rs}. Arabella Goddard gave élat to the last Monday Popular Concert by reappearing for the first time this season. She selected for the occasion Mendelssohn's sonata in E major, which she has already introduced—to her credit be it said—to the habitués of these concerts. The highly talented lady impresses us with a greater idea of her powers each time that we hear her, and she has certainly never played with more intellectual power or more exquisite delicacy of touch than on the occasion in question. The scherzo, especially, was rendered with extraordinary facility, and in the difficult last movement she brought out a fuller tone than we have ever heard from any other player. The strange fugued recitative, evidently suggested by a somewhat similar device in the A major sonata (op. 101) of Beethoven, taxes a pianist's taste and capability to the utmost; and, played with wonderful freedom by M^{rs}. Goddard, it evidently interested the audience greatly. The accomplished lady was warmly welcomed, and still more warmly applauded.

The programme included Beethoven's septet, which is always welcome to the Popular Concert audience; Weber's sonata in E flat, for clarinet and pianoforte, played to perfection by M^{rs}. Goddard and Mr. Lazarus; one of Haydn's innumerable, or at all events unnumbered, quartets; and Vieuxtemps's second morceau de concert, for which M. Lotto was so much applauded that he returned to the platform and played Paganini's *moto perpetuo*. In our humble opinion, Vieuxtemps's piece should not have been introduced into a classical programme at all; but to play a second solo equally unclassical was an aggravation of M. Lotto's first offence. The vocalists were Miss Spiller, a very promising young singer, and Mr. Renwick, who possesses a fine baritone voice, and uses it already with good effect.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

The general reader will not get very much out of *Blackwood* this month. The never-tiring Bulwer, having finished his moral essays, has returned to his earlier tunes of poetry, and sends along, rambling poem, not very tuneful, not very poetical, and based upon the novel idea of comparing life to a voyage in a boat down a stream—

And then you tried the Muses, too,
And failed—

as Mr. Tennyson said to Sir "E. B. L." years ago, and age certainly has not improved the Baronet's verse. "Tony Butler" and "The Perpetual Ourate" are continued, and the rest of the number is mere padding. A review of Professor Tyndall's work on heat, a controversial paper on the point at issue between Professor Tulloch and Mr. Mark Napier as to whether two women were or were not drowned by Claverhouse at Wigtown about a couple of hundred years ago, which is, of course, deeply interesting; and an article, with amusing extracts from the recently published books on the American war, make up the sum total.

Of course the first pages cut in the *Cornhill* will be those containing Mr. Tennyson's "Attempts at Classic Metre in Quantity." Here we have hexameters and pentameters, alcaics and hendecasyllables. They are, for the most part, very poor, and will by no means assist their author's reputation. Pentameter metre is difficult to accomplish; but one would have expected from Mr. Tennyson something better than

When did a frog courser croak upon our Helicon?

A translation from the eighth book of the "Iliad" is infinitely better, and its strong English simplicity comes out well when compared with the straggling and ornate parallel passage in Pope's version. The *Cornhill* is more readable than usual. Two padding papers, one on "Marriage Settlements" and the other "Life in a Country House," are really interesting; the latter especially shows the writer's thorough knowledge of the subject, and experience of good quarters. Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble (is not her name Butler?), in a short essay "On the Stage," writes of the distinction between things dramatic and things theatrical, and shows a certain amount of analytical talent. "J. O." contributes a short letter on "Impulsive Criticism," in which he takes to task Mr. Hughes for a recent letter on the Crawley court-martial.

In *Temple Bar*, Mr. Sala commences a series of essays, called "Streets of the World," starting with a description of the Canbière at Marseilles, which is written in its author's best manner, and bristles with vivid painting and quaint conceit. There is also a very clear and distinct synopsis of M. Réan's "Vie de Jésus," a succinct description of the book, without any expression of opinion on its doctrines. "De Mortuis" gives a clever and truthful account of the change which at the beginning of the century came over German society. There are also good articles on Virgil's "Pastorals," "Playing at Soldiers," and "Country Newspapers." "John Marchmont's Legacy" evidently is nearly at an end, and a new novel by its author is announced. There is some very good poetry in this number.

London Society improves monthly. The best cut in the present number is called "Honeydew," a smoking figure by Mr. M. J. Lawless, which, in its quiet grace and quaint repose, reminds one of Meissonnier. Capital, too, for character-study is Mr. Bennett's "Whist Party." The letterpress of this magazine is much better. The paper on "Mayfair a Hundred Years Ago" is interesting, and contains some novel matter, and the "Chit-chat About Cookery" is well compiled. The less said about Mr. Astley A. Baldwin's verses the better.

There are two good compilations in the *St. James's*—one, "Picture-Books and their Makers;" the other, "Bridal Poetry." Both are full of merit; but the writer of the former ought to have known that the name of the veteran artist is not "Cruikshanks."

Good Words for December has much to recommend it. Mr. Trollope contributes a Christmas story of the American war, cleverly told and annotated with oburgations against the "sin of slavery." There is an earnest sketch on "The Poor," by the late Edward Irving; a humorous (rather too humorous) paper, called "A Dutchman's Difficulties with the English Language;" and several pages of verse by Mr. Gerald Massey, some of which are very good and others below mediocrity. In addition to these there are the standing dishes, Dr. Guthrie's explanation of the parables, Dr. Caird's essays for Sunday reading, and Dr. Macleod's Reminiscences. A wondrous sixpennyworth.

Mr. Nassau Senior's "Journal Kept in Egypt" is the most attractive feature in the *Victoria*, for Mr. T. A. Trollope's novel is dull, and the long, serious papers which block the entrance are very heavy reading. Mr. Looker's verses, "An Invitation to Rome, and the Reply," are spirited, rhythmic, and easy. It is a pity he forced the rhyme in this verse:—

Your Rover, too, affects my den,
And when I pat the dear old whelp, it
It makes me think of you, and then—
And then I cry, I cannot help it!

The sentiment is good, but I don't think young ladies call their boudoirs "dens," and the "whelp" rhyme is horribly forced. The article called "Literature of the Month" (in this number Mr. Doyle's "Chronicle of England" is dismissed in two lines!) is simply ridiculous, and should be given up.

The *Churchman's Family Magazine* continues its very good illustrations, and has some honest, wholesome articles, which, if they would not come up to Sydney Smith's standard, would not make you forget the sound of the dinner-bell, or keep you up o' nights, certainly will do no harm.

Mr. Beeton's *Christmas Annual* seems to us to be as welcome a book as could be wished at this season of the year. Stories for grown up people and fun for young ones, drawing-room dramas by Mr. Burnand, charades by Mr. T. Hood and Mr. Archer, puzzles of a kind, and pictorial fun galore by such capital masters as Messrs. C. H. Bennett, Brunton, and Hine; a handsomely-illustrated almanack, and the explanation of the mysterious "Kiddle-a-wink." What more would you have for a shilling?

THE VICEROYALTY OF INDIA.

APPREHENDED DEATH OF LORD ELGIN.

A TELEGRAM received at the India House, and dated Nov. 14, announces that Lord Elgin, Governor-General of India, was so seriously ill that his life was despaired of. What was the nature of his complaint is not certainly known. Although the suddenness of the disaster would lead to the supposition that Lord Elgin was struck down by one of those rapid diseases which are incidental to the Indian climate, there is ground to believe that this was not the case, but that we must attribute his loss more directly to his public cares. He is known to have been suffering from heart complaint; he had gone to the hills at that period of the year when Indians generally seek for relaxation; he had just been over a pass 13,000 ft. high, and he had complained of the effect of the mountain air on his breathing. It was soon after this exploit that his ailment manifested itself; and the inference is that it is in these circumstances we are to look for an explanation of the unexpected calamity which there seems only too good grounds for apprehending. Finding his health failing, Lord Elgin sent home his resignation, urging that his successor might at once be appointed. This request has been complied with by the nomination to the high office which has of late proved so fatal to those who have held it of

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.

The Right Hon. Sir John Laird Mair Lawrence, Bart., K.S.I., G.C.B., was born in India, in 1811, so that he is of nearly the same age as his distinguished predecessor—namely, fifty-two. He is a younger son of the late Colonel A. W. Lawrence, by Letitia Catherine, daughter of the Rev. George Knox, of Lifford, in Ireland. He was educated at Londonderry School, and afterwards entered Haileybury. In 1829 he went to India as a "writer;" in 1831 he became assistant to the Chief Commissioner and Resident at Delhi. Towards the close of 1833 he was appointed officiating magistrate and collector of Delhi. He held the same office at Paniput. In July, 1836, he received the office of joint magistrate and deputy collector of Goorgaon and Southern Delhi; and in the following November the office of officiating magistrate of the southern division only. In 1838 he was in the sole charge of the Goorgaon district, and conducted the settlement of the duties at Zillah Etawah. From February, 1840, till December, 1842, he took a well-earned leave of absence, and came to England.

Hitherto Mr. Lawrence was chiefly known as an administrator of customs. In 1846 he obtained his first reputation of a high class as a judge, magistrate, and collector over an important district of Southern Bengal. Sir Henry Hardinge heard of him, and took a fancy to him, and henceforth his career was a grand success. In 1847 he was appointed commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej provinces, which had been recently added to our Indian empire after the Sikh campaign. He reduced to shape the political, agricultural, and fiscal systems of these provinces with such masterly power as at once to stamp him as a man of mark in administrative ability.

After the assassination of the British Envoy, and the subsequent hostilities which eventuated in the capture of Multan, the union of Shere Singh and Chucker Singh, the thorough defeat of the Sikhs by Lord Gough at Ferozepore and Goojerat, and the annexation of the Punjab to the Indian empire of Great Britain by Lord Dalhousie, Mr. Lawrence was chosen, in company with his distinguished brother, Colonel Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, the Resident at Lahore, and Mr. Marsh, to form the board for administering the affairs of the Punjab—a territory of 50,400 miles, 344 miles in length, and 293 in breadth. How Mr. Lawrence, by his wise rule, by his justice, by his mercy, introduced an admirable system of government into the Punjab—how he disbanded the Sikhs, and persuaded many of them to enlist in the British service—how he raised an irregular force of ten regiments for the protection of the western frontier—is known to all the world. The Punjab was an example of the success of British systems of government and civil institutions. In 1856 he was made a civil K.C.B. "for his services in the Punjab and as agent to the Governor-General for the north-western provinces of Hindostan." During the Indian mutiny we saw the result of his great administrative genius, his firmness tempered by clemency. The Punjab remained singularly faithful to us. In 1857 Sir John was created a G.C.B.; the following year he was created a Baronet and was sworn of the Privy Council. On his return to England, so great was his popularity, that he received the freedom of the cities of London and Glasgow, and was honoured by a vote of thanks from Parliament. He was created a Knight of the Star of India in 1861, with Lord Clyde and Lord Harris.

Sir John Lawrence married, in 1841, Harriette Katharine, daughter of the Rev. Richard Hamilton, and by her has had issue three sons—John Hamilton, born in 1846; Henry Arnold, born in 1848; and Charles Napier, born in 1854—and five daughters.

THE COURT-MARTIAL ON COLONEL CRAWLEY.—The proceedings of the court-martial on Colonel Crawley have been of a somewhat routine character since our last issue. The evidence adduced was mainly that of the sentries who were posted over Sergeant-Major Lilley. Some of them deposed to having seen Mrs. Lilley in her bedroom; others said they had not done so; and one or two expressed an opinion that as the sentries were posted they could not annoy Mrs. Lilley. The only point of novelty was the examination of Dr. Turnbull, Surgeon of the Inniskillings, who was cross-examined with a view of showing that no blame could be thrown upon the Colonel in regard to Lilley's death. Other witnesses were called, who gave Lilley an excellent character, and were especially precise in speaking of his great sobriety. Among these was Colonel Shute, formerly in command of the regiment, whom Colonel Crawley wished to cross-examine as to the state of the corps when the latter succeeded to the command. To this an objection was made; but the Court on Wednesday offered to allow the prisoner to examine Colonel Shute if he would do so at once. But this Colonel Crawley declined to do, as he wished to have time to prepare himself. Ultimately it was arranged that Colonel Shute should remain in attendance, and be called on behalf of the prisoner, if the latter should think fit to do so; but, as a certain letter desired by Colonel Crawley could not be produced, the further examination of Colonel Shute was abandoned.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL SIR J. H. PLUMRIDGE, K.C.B.—Admiral Sir James Hanway Plumridge, K.C.B., died on Sunday, at Hopton Hall, Suffolk, aged seventy-six years. This gallant officer, ever since he entered the Navy (now sixty years back) until the close of the late war with Russia, had been almost continuously in active service. He was educated at the Naval Academy at Chelsea, and entered the Navy in 1799. He served as Midshipman in the *Leda*, in the expedition to Egypt in 1801, and had the same rank on board the *Delancey* at the glorious victory of Trafalgar, under Nelson. For his services at the latter engagement he gained his commission as Lieutenant. As senior Lieutenant of the *Melpomene* he commanded the boats of that frigate at the destruction of a man-of-war cutter and some merchant-vessels in 1809; and was also senior Lieutenant of the *Menelaus* at the taking of the Isle of France, and of the *Resistance*, and served in her boats at the capture of a convoy at Port d'Anzo. He was present and took part at the reduction of Genoa, in 1809, acting as Aide-de-Camp to Sir Edward Pellew (afterwards Viscount Exmouth). At the breaking out of the war with Russia he was third in command of the fleet under Sir Charles Napier, in the Baltic, and commanded the steam squadron at the destruction of Russian munitions of war in the Gulf of Bothnia, in 1854, and subsequently became second in command of the fleet in those waters, took part in the capture of Bomarsund, and ultimately commanded two detached squadrons. Previous to obtaining his flag rank he was Captain-Superintendent of Falmouth, which he held for the usual period, and was then appointed Storekeeper-General. In 1841 he was, under Admiralty influence, returned to the House of Commons as member for Penryn, and had a seat in that assembly up to 1847. He had been Commodore on the East India station, and, in 1855, in recognition of his eminent services, he was nominated a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath.

A QUEEN'S SHIP BECOME A CONFEDERATE CRUISER.—A screw gun-vessel, called the *Victor*, of 859 tons burden and 350-horse power, was sold lately by direction of the Admiralty. She had been constructed for our own Navy, and, besides being pierced for six guns, was no doubt adapted in all respects for the purposes of warfare. We are told that certain defects in the engines affecting her rate of steaming were the principal reason for parting with her. She was bought on easily for the China trade, and, having been named the *Scylla*, was allowed to be repaired and fitted with this object under the superintendence of the dockyard officials at Chatham. Certain facts, of which the particulars are not given, came to the knowledge of these authorities, and were reported by them to the Admiralty. Orders were eventually dispatched to Sheerness directing her to be stopped; but she had quitted the harbour and sailed a few hours before, unfinished, and with a number of workmen on board. She forthwith hoisted the Confederate flag, changed her name to the *Rappahannock*, and soon anchored in Calais Harbour. There she was detained by the French Custom-house, but it appears that express instructions have since been received from headquarters permitting her to leave the port at pleasure.

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